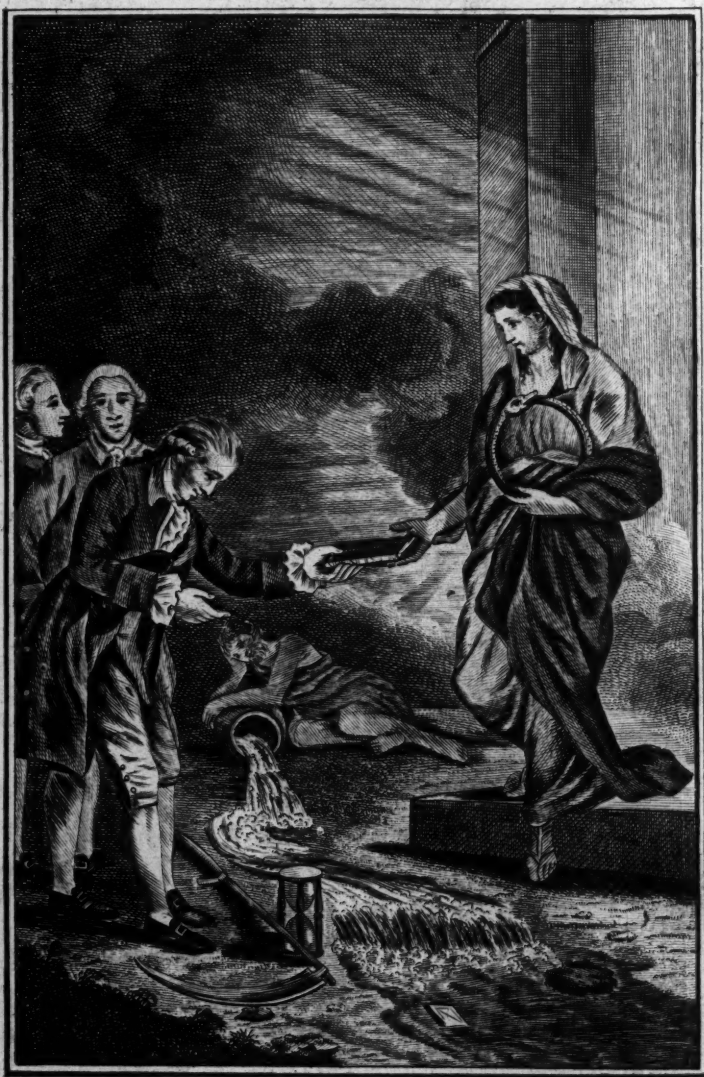
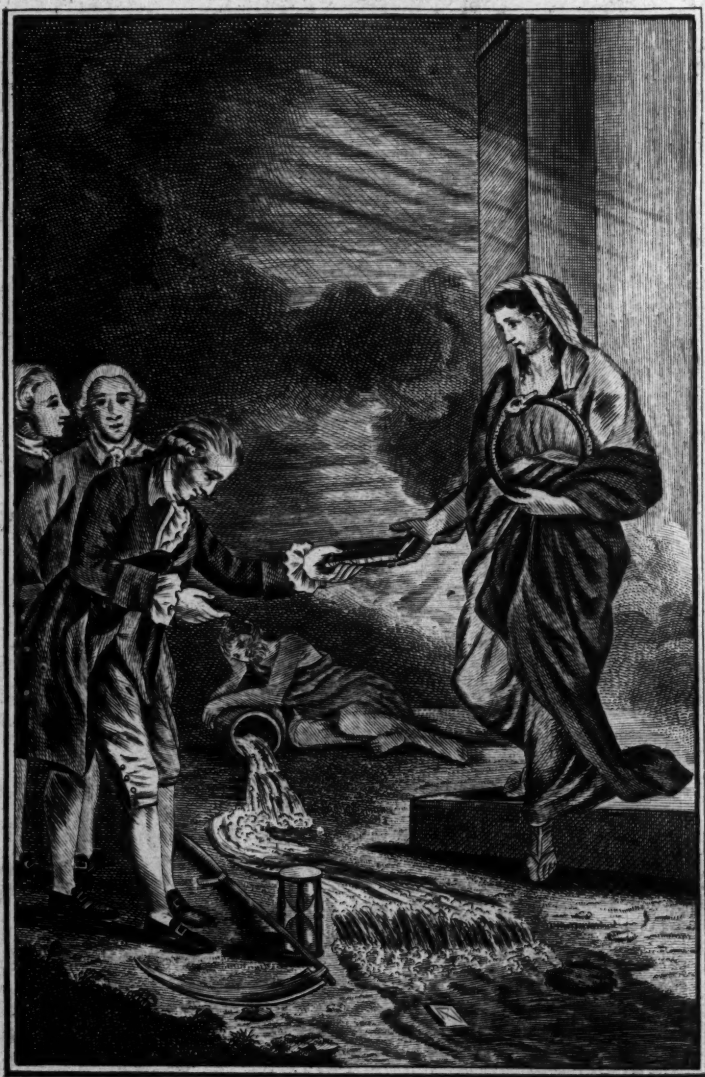


FRONTISPIECE.



*The Proprietors of the Irish Traveller presenting
a Copy of that **WORK** into the hand of
Futurity to be preserv'd from the devastation of Time*

FRONTISPIECE.



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A. J. Lewis. Appendix.

THE COMPLEAT
Irish Traveller;
containing

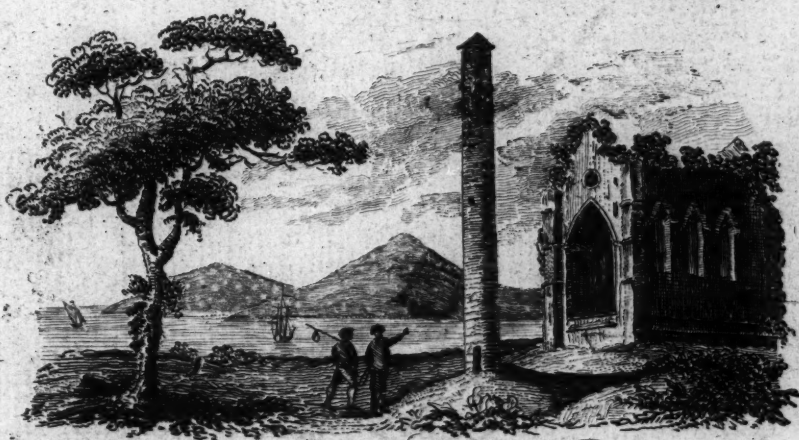
*A general Description of the most Noted
Cities, Towns, Seats, Buildings, Loughs &c.*

IN THE
KINGDOM of IRELAND,

*Interspersed with Observations on the
Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Curiosities and
Natural History of that Country.*

VOL. II.

Illustrated with Elegant Copper Plates.



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1788.



INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE we proceed, it may not be altogether unnecessary to give a sketch of the passages from England to Ireland; in order to which, we shall begin with Chester, the most frequented rout, which is distant from Ireland about 150 miles, and from Londonderry near 190. From Chester there are two passages to Dublin, either of which may be taken as shall best suit the conveniency of the traveller. The one from Park-gate, a little sea-port for packets and traders, is about twelve miles west of Chester. The other passage is overland for 80 or 90 miles to Holy-head, the most western point of North Wales, in the isle of Anglesey.—A passage is likewise frequently made from Bristol, by those who are not apprehensive of danger from the sea; indeed, this is generally taken by the quality and gentry from Ireland who visit Bath. The distance from Bristol to the nearest port in Ireland is about 200 miles. The shortest passage that can be made from Great-Britain to Ireland is from Port Patrick in Galloway county, in Scotland, from whence to Donaghadee, in the county of Down, is about seven or eight leagues, or nearly the same distance as from Dover to Calais.

To give the traveller a clearer idea of the corresponding distances between the several ports of Great-Britain, on St. George's channel, and those of Ireland, the following table may be thought useful.

Vol. I.

a

From

iv INTRODUCTION.

From the Land's End	to Cape Clear	-	53	<i>Leagues</i>
	to Kinsale	-	49	
	to Cork	-	50	
	to Youghall	-	48	
	to Waterford	-	51	
	to Black Rock	-	50	
	to Dublin	-	89	

From Lundy	to Cape Clear	-	69	
	to Kinsale	-	53	
	to Cork	-	53	
	to Youghall	-	44	
	to Waterford	-	34	
	to Black Rock	-	27	
	to Wexford	-	31	
	to Wicklow	-	41	
	to Dublin	-	53	

From Milford Haven	to Cape Clear	-	65	
	to Kinsale	-	50	
	to Cork	-	49	
	to Youghall	-	40	
	to Waterford	-	30	
	to Black Rock	-	20	
	to Wexford	-	23	
	to Wicklow	-	33	
	to Dublin	-	45	
	to Drogheda	-	52	
	to Dundalk	-	58	

From St. David's Head	to Cape Clear	-	66	
	to Kinsale	-	51	
	to Cork	-	45	
	to Youghall	-	37	
	to Waterford	-	26	
	to Black Rock	-	16	
	to Wexford	-	18	
	to Wicklow	-	28	
	to Dublin	-	40	

From Holyhead	to Cape Clear	-	85	
	to Kinsale	-	69	
	to Cork	-	65	
	to Youghall	-	56	
	to Waterford	-	42	
	to Black Rock	-	37	

From

INTRODUCTION. v

From Holyhead	{ to Wexford -	33 <i>Leagues</i>
	{ to Wicklow -	19
	{ to Dublin -	20
	{ to Drogheda -	23
	{ to Dundalk -	27
	{ to Strangford-bay	24
From Park-Gate	{ to Dublin -	43
	{ to Dundalk -	52
	{ to Drogheda -	47
From Liverpool	{ to Dublin -	45
	{ to Dundalk -	49
	{ to Strangford-bay	42
From the Mull of Galloway	{ to Fairhead -	24
	{ to Carrickfergus-bay	11
	{ to Strangford-bay	9
	{ to Dundalk -	25
	{ to Drogheda -	27
	{ to Dublin -	33
	{ to Wicklow -	40
	{ to Wexford -	57
	{ to Canfore Point	50

The following distances are between the ports on the coast of Ireland.

From Cape Clear	{ to Kinfale -	16 <i>Leagues</i>
	{ to Cork -	20
	{ to Youghall -	25
	{ to Waterford -	38
	{ to Black Rock -	43
From Kinfale to Cork	_____	4
From Cork to Youghall	_____	9
_____ Waterford	_____	20
_____ Black Rock	_____	30
From Youghall to Waterford	_____	14
_____ Waterford to Canfore Point	_____	10
_____ Canfore Point to Wexford	_____	4
_____ Wexford to Wicklow	_____	14
_____ Wicklow to Dublin	_____	10
_____ Dublin to Canfore Point	_____	28
_____ Drogheda	_____	9
_____ Dundalk	_____	16

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From

vi INTRODUCTION.

From Dublin to Strangford-bay	—	13 <i>Leagues</i>
— Strangford-bay to Carrickfergus-bay	—	9
— Carrickfergus-bay to Fairhead	—	37
— Fairhead to Colodagh-head	—	10
— Colodagh-head to Lough-Swilly	—	7
— Lough-Swilly to Sheep-haven	—	6
— Sheep-haven to Tory-Island	—	6
— Tory-Island to the Isles of Arran	—	9
— the Isles of Arran to Raghlin Isle	—	8
— Raghlin Island to Donegal-bay	—	7
— Donegal-bay to Sligoe-bay	—	6

Before I proceed to give a sketch, or, I should rather call it, a rough draft of the antiquities in this kingdom, I shall propose to myself such a method, as may throw the whole matter into a distinct light, and at the same time render the task I have undertaken less difficult.

I shall first consider, the ancient names, and primary inhabitants of the kingdom, and their civil history, in a compendious manner, from the time of the Milesians, to the present time, with a succinct account of their government and manners. The rise and progress of christianity among them, with observations on their ecclesiastical history; and lastly, I shall endeavour to give the general division and state of the kingdom as we find them at present.

The names by which Ireland were chiefly known to the antients, were Hibernia and Scotia. The first is varied in the Orthography by several authors, as Ierne, Juvernia, Overnia, Ierna, and Bernia, by all which names we find it spoken of in different places; but they all appear to have been originally derived from the same source, which is according to some, Hiar, an Irish word signifying the west; to others, the Iberians, who
formerly

INTRODUCTION. vii

formerly inhabited here ; or lastly, as many of their historians affirm, Heber, one of the sons of Milesius. The Irish name Erin seems to be deduced from Hiar, notwithstanding the fabulous notions they have of its being so called from *Æria*, a name of Crete and such other far-fetched derivations. Sir James Ware seems to approve of the derivation taken from the Iberians, and produces many good authorities to strengthen his opinion.

The name *Scotia* is apparently deduced from the Scots, or Scythians, who were, without doubt, some of the original inhabitants of this island : yet there are many other reasons given for this name by the old authors, who tell us it was so called from *Scota*, wife of *Gadelus*, from whom they say, the Irish language was called *Gaolic*, or vulgarly, *Galic*, which seems, with probability, to have come from the Gauls, or (according to some) from the people of *Galicia* in Spain.

That Ireland was called *Scotia*, before the north of Britain, now so called, and gave its name to that kingdom, is beyond all dispute ; for we find it mentioned by the name of *Scotia*, long before that part of Britain was known by other names than *Caledonia*, *Albania*, &c.

Plutarch's *Ogygia*, by him placed to the westward of Britain, is thought, with some probability, to have meant Ireland. It is also by *Festus Avienus*, in his book entitled *Oræ Maritimæ*, styled *Insula Sacra* (the Holy Island ;) nay, he affirms, that *Sic Insulam dixere Prisci*, " the ancients called it so." Among the old Irish historians, we find it called the *Woody Island* ; in Irish, *Inis na bhfoidhbhuidhe* ; also *Inis Alga*, the
Noble

viii INTRODUCTION.

Noble Island, Banba, the Happy, and Fodhla, the name of one of her queens. It was likewise called Inisfail or Inisfalia, from the Lia fail or fatal stone, which I shall mention more at large hereafter. To close this account of names, which is rather tedious to the reader, I shall only say, that the present name Ireland comes from the Irish Erin.

From whence soever the first inhabitants of Ireland originally came, it is highly probable that they came last from Britain: the vicinity of the two islands, the facility of the passage, and, lastly, the very great affinity we find between the customs and manners of the old Irish and their neighbours, the Britons, not to mention the similitude of their language, (which any one will perceive on comparing the present Welsh with the Irish tongue) are all convincing arguments that both islands were originally peopled with the same race.

The first accounts of all nations, are full of intricate uncertainties, fables so blended with truth, that we hardly know how to separate them; but we cannot with any colour of justice, accuse the old Irish historians of delivering untruths, since we find nothing in them more repugnant to probability, than what we meet with in the ancient Greek and Roman authors, and I may say in the antiquities of all nations. I shall therefore omit giving any account of what the old Irish chronicles deliver concerning Cæsarea or Keasar, Partholanus, the Tuatha de Dannans, and other colonies before the time of the Milesians, as they are all so clouded with fables.

In the fourteenth age before Christ, their authors

thors agree, that the four sons of Milesius, king of Spain, arrived with a fleet of thirty ships (each carrying thirty families,) in this island: That after some conflicts with the Aborigines, they subdued the whole kingdom; and that two of them (the other two being deceased) Iberus or Heber, and Heremon by name, divided it between them, the north falling to Heber's, the south to Heremon's share. Thus they reigned jointly with great unanimity one year, but the lady of Heber, a woman of great pride, having insisted on being stiled queen of the three most fruitful vallies in the island, two of which were already in her possession, and the wife of Heremon being resolved to remain mistress of the third, they raised a dispute between their husbands which ended in a bloody battle fought at Geisliol in Leinster, and left Heremon sole monarch. This prince reigned fourteen years, and died at Airgiod Rofs. He was succeeded by his three sons, from whom descended above an hundred and twenty princes before christianity arrived in Ireland. Of these monarchs, there is very little remarkable delivered in history: both in this æra, and after the nation became Christian, they were perpetually torn by civil wars among the petty princes, who were, or ought to have been, all subject to the supreme king, or monarch of Ireland. We find in their chronicles, very few of these kings that did not lose their crowns and lives in battle. The summary of the history of each is no more than this; he began to reign in such a year, and was slain in such a battle by the valiant prince who succeeded him. In short, this island, till within these ninety years, has been a continual field of war, which must have greatly prevented its improvement, as we see what a vast progress it has made in almost every thing for the better, in so short

x INTRODUCTION.

short a space of time. We find in their antient histories many stories of a romantic cast, but which, however, are not disagreeable. I shall therefore, in the course of my observations on the particular places in this kingdom, take notice of some of them. I now return to the succession of their kings. From the time of St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland, to the coming of the English, were upwards of fifty monarchs more. In this æra is included the invasion and defeat of the Danes, and great part of the church history of Ireland, which we shall consider in its proper place. The Danes first invaded Ireland in the ninth century: at their first coming they were often defeated; but, being allured by the beauty of the country, far excelling their own barren regions, after several attempts, and committing the most unheard-of cruelties, treachery and sacrilege, they usurped the government of the whole kingdom in the person of their leader Turgesius, a man, even according to their own accounts, capable of every kind of guilt. He erected a castle for his residence, not far from the seat of Maolseachluin, or Malachias, king of Meath, a prince of consummate prudence and valour. Turgesius was now pretty well advanced in years, and often condescended to visit the king of Meath, whom he nevertheless treated with much haughtiness. At an entertainment here he was captivated with the beauty of Maolseachluin's daughter, a lady of unspotted virtue, as well as the most accomplished princess of her time and country. The old lover knew how to use his power, and demanded her of her father, promising to make her his favourite mistress. Though the king of Meath detested the thoughts of delivering his daughter to be a prostitute to a tyrant, he however would not absolutely deny, but begged his majesty to receive her

her in a private manner, that her reputation might continue, if possible, unsullied; at the same time promising, if his request was complied with, that she should be attended by fifteen of the finest girls his small territories could produce. The tyrant accepted the proposal with pleasure, and the princess was conveyed to his palace, attended by fifteen gallant youths habited like virgins. In short, instead of the expected embraces, they treated Turgesius in a very rough manner, secured and bound him, at the same time giving a signal to a large body of forces, who had been drawn together near the castle under the command of the king of Meath, who, entering the house, put all the Danes to the sword, and gave a final period to Turgesius's usurpation, and this story; which, though it has much of the romantic air, is very well attested. The Oustmans or Danes, nevertheless, continued possessed of several seaport towns till the time of Bryan Boroinbe, who gave them a total defeat, though with the loss of his own life, at the famous battle of Clontarf, on the 23d of April 1014. After this the Danes never recovered their strength in Ireland, and even to this day the natives entertain a violent aversion to their name; though it is thought, with a good deal of reason, that some of their descendants are still in being, as the inhabitants of the northern part of the county of Dublin, called Fingall, where many of them settled, differ in language, and many other respects from the true Irish.

About the end of the twelfth century, Rodoric king of Connaught, being possessed of the greatest part of the kingdom, was looked upon as monarch of Ireland, and was the last that ever bore that title, of the Milesian race; for in his time the nation put themselves under the dominion of the

xii INTRODUCTION.

English, and have ever since remained subjects to their king. This submission was brought about as follows: Teighernan king of Breifne or Bresinia, (the track now called the county of Cavan) had the misfortune to have a lady of the worst disposition. In short, she gave a loose to her passions, and deserting her lawful lord, cohabited with Diarmuid McMurrough, king of Leinster, a prince who had no regard to the dictates of virtue and honour. Upon this the Bresinian king implored the succour of his master Rodoric, who, abhorring the crime, declared against McMurrough, and entered his kingdom with all the wasting attendance of war. The king of Leinster in vain demanded aid from his subjects and the neighbouring chiefs: his crimes and tyranny had alienated the hearts of the former, and the latter refused to engage in so bad a cause. Finding his efforts at home prove to no purpose, he fled to king Henry the Second of England, who was then engaged in the wars of France. Though he was himself prevented by what seemed at that time of much greater moment, he gave permission to his subjects to engage in this undertaking: whereupon Richard, earl of Strigule, surnamed Strongbow, and several other English lords, raised troops at their own expence. The first that landed here was Robert Fitz-Stephens, in May 1169; some time after arrived Strongbow, who married Eva, the king of Leinster's daughter, and was declared successor to his crown. On the 18th of October 1171, king Henry in person landed at Waterford, where he received the homage of several chiefs, and Rodoric himself submitted to his power. Thus, after a few inconsiderable sieges and some skirmishes, with very equal success, the whole nation put itself under a foreign yoke. Such is the effect of intestine divisions!

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This submission has given occasion to many disputes, whether it can be properly termed a conquest or no; but for this I must refer you to a book, excellent in its kind, viz. Mr. Molyneaux's Case of Ireland. In this, and in the Drapier's famous Fourth Letter, it is attempted to be proved, that Ireland is subject by right only to the king of England, and therefore that the people, or parliament of England can have no power to bind Ireland by laws made there. But I confess this is out of my sphere, and the reader will judge for himself, on the perusal of those pieces, whether the authors are in the right or no.

From the time of this cession, till the revolution, Ireland was never thoroughly quiet; a continual state of discord between the natives and their new lords, kept both in very unhappy circumstances. The English for many years, lived altogether within what they called the Pale, which comprehended only four or five counties; but now their families are so blended by inter-marriages and other occasions together, that these disagreeable distinctions are entirely forgot, and in all probability, a few ages will see this as flourishing and happy a country as any in Europe.

In this place, it may not be improper to take notice of the ancient government and manners of this nation. It appears from what has been already said, that, notwithstanding the many subdivisions and petty kingdoms, as they were called, all these little monarchies paid tribute, and were as vassals to one supreme king, who was generally of the race of Heber or Heremon. During the pentarchy or division of the whole island into five kingdoms, viz. Munster, Leinster, Meath, Connaught and Ulster, the most powerful prince of

the five generally obtained the sovereignty ; but the pentarchy is said to have ceased in the fifth century, and after that, there was no such thing as a regular election, or succession, but the strongest was still uppermost. This chief monarch was called king of Ireland, and often king of kings, alluding to the number of vassal princes, who did homage to him. All these supreme monarchs were crowned on the famous stone called Lia Fail, or the Fatal Stone, till about the year 513, when Fergus, a prince of the royal stem of Ireland, who had obtained the sovereignty of Scotland, got leave to remove it thither for his own coronation. It remained at Scone in that kingdom, till Edward the First of England, who conquered great part of Scotland, took it thence, and placed it (with the antient chair) in Westminster-Abbey, where it is preserved, for the use of the British monarchs at their coronation. The ancient historians tell you, that this stone used to emit a supernatural sound, if the monarch placed on it was descended from the royal line of the Milesians ; but that this virtue, as well as all other heathen oracles, ceased on the birth of our Saviour. Thus much is certain, that in all the three kingdoms where this stone has been, they have taken the utmost care of it, as a very extraordinary treasure ; and that a prophecy was once in much repute concerning it, which some say was formerly inscribed upon it, as follows :

*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient Lapidem, Regni tenentur ibidem.*

IN ENGLISH,

Or fate is false, or where this stone shall be
The Scots will rule, a powerful monarchy.

Which,

Which, in some sort, may be said to be still in force, as the present illustrious family of Hanover deduce their title from a daughter of king James the First, who was descended lineally from Fergus above-mentioned, the first Scottish king of North Britain, who was crowned at, and gave name to, Carrickfergus, an ancient city of Ulster, as he was returning to see his own country.

It is well known, that the residence of the Irish monarchs was principally at Teamhair, Temoria or Temra, now called Tarah, in the county of Meath. At this place also was held the great triennial convention or parliament, consisting of the provincial and petty kings, and all the chiefs and other nobility of the kingdom. This was the court by which all laws were enacted, and other business done for the advantage of the nation. I find, that we in England have a much meaner opinion of the state of the Irish kings, than is authorized by the earliest accounts. In these unpolished times, we must not expect to hear of a pomp and luxury like those of the modern courts; but I have good reason to think, that Ireland was much on the same footing as her neighbours, in that respect, and indeed with regard to the general state of the whole nation: What do our barons and their feuds differ from the petty princes of Ireland, except in title? We can gather from their antiquaries, that each monarch always entertained the following ten officers in his court, which (by the way) does not favour greatly of barbarity, viz. a lord, or prime minister, a judge, an augur or druid, a physician, a poet, an antiquary or herald, a chief musician, and three stewards of the household. That they wore crowns of gold, appears plainly from one discovered not long since (in 1692) at a place called the Devil's-Bir,
in

in the county of Tipperary, raised in chafework, which must have been made before the Christian æra, as it had not the cross, which after that period the crowns of Christian princes never were without. It seems to have been a monarch's crown, having a resemblance to the close crown of the eastern empire. It is still preserved in the castle of Anglurre, in Champagne, where it was carried after the last war in Ireland. Another crown of gold was found in the bog of Cullen in 1744. And that they wore very magnificent robes, is evident from the last will of Cormac M'Cuillenan, king of Munster, and archbishop of Cashel, still extant in some antient manuscripts, where he mentions particularly his royal robe, that shineth with sparkling gems. In short, the dress and customs of the antient Irish, differed in few or no respects from those of their neighbours the Britons.

Their habit, though it would appear rude to us at present, must have had no unbecoming effect. Over a close vest and drawers, or stockings and breeches in one, they wore a large cloak or mantle, carelessly thrown over one shoulder. The matter of this was according to the ability of the wearer; the lower sort had it of frieze, with a shaggy border; but their chiefs generally of scarlet cloth, with a gold or silver fringe. The dress of the women differed but little from that of the men; their under garment or vest was long; they were very curious in platting and adorning their hair, which custom they retain still in some parts of the kingdom. Both persons wore an immoderate quantity of linen in their shirts and shifts; but this was prohibited, as well as the other deviations from the English dress, by act of parliament, when Ireland was erected into a kingdom.

dom by Henry the Eighth. At present, some very remote parts only excepted, the people dress entirely in the English fashion.

I shall conclude this summary of the manners, with some observations on their funerals. The Irish continued that cleanly, though pagan custom of burning their dead, long after Christianity; and that they preserved the bones in urns, as the Romans and other nations did, appears from four or five of those vessels, of a very rude workmanship, wherein was contained a kind of ashes, each covered with a tile or flat stone, found in a rock near Power's-court, in the county of Wicklow. The famous Irish cry, still in use at some of their funerals, is no more than this: A kind of song is composed in relation to the family, actions, and possessions of the deceased, which is sung by some woman to no disagreeable tune; for, by the way, the Irish music has something peculiarly sweet and melancholy, and the whole nation seem to have a turn that way. At the end of each stanza of this song, a chorus of women and girls raise a melancholy howl, which is called the Irish cry, and sometimes made use of without the song above mentioned.

For the arms and military equipage of the old Irish, I shall only say, that they bore a very near resemblance to those of the Britons; that they were always esteemed a brave and warlike people, which character, notwithstanding their easy defeat at the revolution, (undoubtedly occasioned by want of discipline, ill pay and worse arms. besides the ill conduct of their weak king) they still retain, as is apparent from the distinguished figure they have made several times in the wars in Germany.

On

On the ecclesiastical history, (as it is no very entertaining subject) I shall be as concise as possible. Christianity was introduced here by St. Patrick, a native of Britain, nephew to St. Martin of Tours, about the year 432. This primitive bishop was a man of most exemplary piety, and, as he laboured in his apostleship with unwearied diligence, the new faith made a wonderful progress; and in some ages this island grew so famous for religious men, that it was stiled the Island of Saints. The many ruins of religious houses throughout the kingdom, are an incontestible proof of this; and we find mention made in many authors, of a great resort to Ireland for the study of divinity. In several authors we have sufficient reasons given us, that the religion of the old Irish was pure from those superstitions, which, without number, crept into the church in after-times, and was brought over here principally by the English conquest; for Ireland did not become absolutely popish, till after the English got possession of it; and thence we may discern, the reason why the pope was so liberal in his gift of it to Henry II.

Cardinal Paparo, the pope's legate, in the year 1152, made a new regulation in the government of the church. The archbishopricks and their suffragans are at present as follow:

Under Armagh, primate and metropolitan of all Ireland, are,

Meath,	Rapho,
Down and Connor,	Kilmore,
Clogher,	Dromore.
Derry,	

Under

Under Dublin, primate of Ireland,

Glendalough, or 7 churches	Offory,
united with Dublin,	Leighlin and Ferns.
Kildare,	

Under Cashel, primate of Munster,

Emly, united with Cashel,	Cork and Ross,
Limerick, Ardfer, and Ag-	Cloyne,
hadoe,	Killalloe.
Waterford and Lismore,	

Under Tuam, primate of Connaught,

Elphin,	Killala and Achonry,
Clonfert, Killmaduagh, and	Ardagh, lately unit-
Kilfenora,	ed with Tuam.

Of these, Meath and Kildare are always privy counsellors, and take place of the rest; and here I must observe, that the church livings in Ireland are, generally speaking, better than those with us, and more equal, which is no small advantage to the clergy. The protection given by an act of parliament, in 1778, to the catholicks of this kingdom, in the free exercise of their religion, it is not doubted will contribute greatly to their satisfaction, and promote the good of the common cause of the people.

I shall now endeavour to give a general view of the present state of this kingdom, as far as has come within my knowledge. As to that peculiar blessing of Ireland, in not producing or nourishing any venomous creature, Mr. O'Halloran says, that even frogs were never known to live there before the reign of William III. indeed, it is not

xx INTRODUCTION

improbable but the breed of them might have come from France in the suit of James II.

The climate of Ireland would almost perfectly agree with that of England, were the soil equally improved, being abundantly fruitful both in corn and grass, especially the latter; in consequence of which, an infinite number of black cattle and sheep are bred, particularly in the province of Connaught. Few countries produce finer grain than that which grows in the improved parts of this kingdom. The northern and eastern counties are best cultivated and inclosed, and the most populous.

Ireland is known to have many rich mines; and there is no inconsiderable prospect of gold and silver in some parts of the kingdom. No country in the world abounds more in beautiful rivers. The commodities which Ireland exports, as far as her present trade will permit, are hides, tallow, beef, butter, cheese, honey, wax, hemp, metals, and fish: wool and glass were, till December 23, 1779, prohibited; but her linen trade is of late grown of very great consequence. England, in the whole, is thought to gain yearly by Ireland upwards of 1,400,000*l.* and in many other respects she must be of very great advantage to that kingdom. Formerly, indeed, she was rather a burden to her elder sister than any benefit, but the times are changed now, and improve every day.

Mr. O'Halloran says, the linen manufacture was carried on in Ireland in very early days, to a great extent; and Gratianus Lucius quotes a description of the kingdom, printed at Leyden, in 1527, in which the author tells us, "That this country

country abounds with flax, which is sent ready spun in large quantities to foreign nations. Formerly, says he, they wove great quantities of linen, which was mostly consumed at home, the natives requiring above 30 yards of linen in a shirt or shift." So truly expensive was the Irish fashion of making up shirts, on account of the number of plaits and folds, that in the reign of Henry VIII. a statute passed, by which they were forbidden, under a severe penalty, to put more than seven yards of linen in a shirt or shift.

We may form some idea of what the trade of Ireland must have been in former times, when so late as the reign of Brien Boru, who died in 1014, notwithstanding the ravages and distresses which a Danish war, of above 200 years continuance, must have produced throughout the kingdom, the annual duties arising from goods imported into the single port of Limerick, and paid in red wine, amounted to 365 pipes! Even so lately as the last century, it is scarcely credible, what riches this city derived from the bare manufacture of shoes, which were exported in amazing quantities; whereas now, instead of shoes and boots, we see the raw hides shipped off for foreign markets.

No country in the world seems better situated for a maritime power than Ireland, where the ports are convenient to every nation in Europe, and the havens safe and commodious. The great plenty of timber, the superior excellence of the oak, and the acknowledged skill of her ancient artificers, in wood work, are circumstances clearly in her favour. Formerly, that the Irish exported large quantities of timber, is manifest from the churches of Gloucester, Westminster monastery and palace, &c. being covered with Irish oak.

The government of the kingdom is in the hands of a viceroy or lord lieutenant, who lives in very great splendor. In his absence there are lords justices, (stiled their excellencies) generally three in number, viz. lord primate, lord high chancellor, and the speaker of the house of commons. The parliament of Ireland meet every other winter and oftener, according to exigencies. Their only power consists in proposing bills, which are subject to the privy council of England, and in a negative voice to any amendments. As to civil magistrates and the distribution of justice, they are here on the same footing as in England.

Ireland is reckoned to be about 300 miles long, and 150 broad from east to west. It is in circumference about 1400 miles. Its area or superficial content, is computed to be 11,067,712 Irish, or 17,927,864 English acres. The proportion it bears to England and Wales is supposed to be as 18 is to 33, or as to Scotland as 17 is to 13: has 2293 parishes, and 118 boroughs, which, with 32 counties, each sending two members to parliament, makes the commons of Ireland amount to 300. The peers are unlimited. It is divided into four large provinces, and those again into thirty-two counties, as follows:

INTRODUCTION.

1st. U L S T E R.

xxiii

Counties.	Houſes	Chief Towns.	Extent, &c.
1. Antrim	20738	Belfast	8 Leng. 68 } miles { 400 cir-
2. Armagh	13125	Armagh	5 Bread. 98 } cumf.
3. Cavan	9268	Cavan	7 Irish plantation
4. Down	26090	Down Patrick	6 Acres 2836837, 4496205
5. Donegal	12357	Donegal	5 Pariſhes, 365 [English
6. Fermanagh	5674	Inniſkillen	6 Boroughs, 29
7. Londonderry	14528	Londonderry	6 Baronies, 55
8. Monaghan	26637	Monaghan	5 Archbiſhoprick 1
9. Tyrone	16545	Dungannon	4 Biſhopricks 6
			Market-towns 58.

2d. L E I N S T E R.

	Houſes	Baronies.	
1. Catherlogh, or Carlow	5444	Carlow	5 Leng. 104 } miles { 360 cir-
2. Dublin	24145	Dublin	8 Bread. 55 } cumf.
3. Kildare	8887	Naas or Athy	10 Iri. ac. 2642958, or 4281155
4. Kilkenny	3231	Kilkenny	9 Pariſhes 858 [English
5. King's-county	9294	Philipstown	9 Boroughs 53
6. Longford	6057	Longford	11 Baronies 99
7. Lowth	8150	Drogheda	6 Market-towns 63
8. Meath Eaſt	14000	Trim	4 Archbiſhoprick 1
9. Queen's county	11226	Maryborough	12 Biſhopricks 3
10. Weſtmeath	9621	Athlone or Mullingar	The rivers are, the Boyne, Barrow, Liffy, Noir, and the May.
11. Wexford	13015	Wexford	8
12. Wicklow	7781	Wicklow	5½

3d. M U N S T E R.

1. Clare	11381	Ennis	9 Leng. 100 } miles { 600 cir-
2. Cork	47344	Cork	19 Brea. 107 } cumf.
3. Kerry	11653	Tralee or Dingle-Icouch	8 Acres 3289932, 5329146
4. Limerick	19380	Limerick	11 Pariſhes 740 [English
5. Tipperary	18325	Clonmell	11 Boroughs 26
6. Waterford	9485	Waterford	12 Baronies 63
			7 Houſes 117197
			Archbiſhop 1. Biſhops 6.

4th. C O N N A U G H T.

1. Galway	15576	Galway	17 Leng. 90 } miles { 500 cir-
2. Leitrim	5156	Leitrim	5 Bread. 80 } cumf.
3. Mayo	15089	Mayo	9 Acres 2272915, 3681746
4. Roſcommon	8780	Roſcommon	6 Pariſhes 330 [English
5. Sligo	5970	Sligo	9 Boroughs 10
			Baronies 43
			6 Archbiſhop 1. Biſhop 1.
			Houſes 49966
			6 Rivers are the Shannon, May, Suck and Gyll.

xxiv INTRODUCTION.

In 1731, while the duke of Dorset was lord lieutenant, the inhabitants were numbered, and it was found that the four provinces contained as follows: .

Connaught	21604	} Protestants.	221780	} Papists.
Leinster	203087		447916	
Munster	115130		482044	
Ulster	360632		158028	
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	700453		1309768	

There are forty-four charter working-schools at present in Ireland, wherein 2025 boys and girls are maintained and educated. These schools are supported by an annual bounty from his majesty of 1000l. by a tax upon hawkers and pedlars, and by subscriptions and legacies. The children admitted are those born of popish parents, or such as would be bred papists, if neglected, and are of sound limbs. Their age must be from six to ten; the boys at sixteen, and the girls at fourteen are apprenticed into protestant families. The first school was opened 1734. Five pounds are given to every person educated in these schools, upon his or her marrying a protestant. An English act of parliament lately tolerated the catholic religion in Ireland, and by that means has relieved thousands of useful subjects.

The return of houses in Ireland for the year 1755, was 395,431, and for the year 1766 it was 424,046; supposing therefore the numbers to have increased at the same rate, the number of houses now cannot be less than 454,130; which, allowing five persons to a family, will make the number of inhabitants 2,260,550; but as the returns of houses by hearth collectors, is rather under

der than above the truth, and as there are many families in every parish, who are by law excused from that tax, and therefore not returned, the number on a moderate estimate will be 2,500,000. Sir W. Petty reckoned 160,000 cabins without a chimney; and if there be an equal number of such houses now, the number of people will be above 3,000,000. Mr. Molyneux says, Ireland has certainly been better inhabited formerly; for on the wild mountains between Armagh and Dundalk, is observable the marks of the plough, as it is also on the mountains of Altmore. The same I am informed has been observed in the counties of Londonderry and Donegal. Mountains that are covered with bogs have been formerly ploughed; for when you dig five or six feet deep, you discover a proper soil for vegetation, and find it ploughed into ridges and furrows: A plough was found in a very deep bog near Donegal; and an hedge, with some wattles standing under a bog that was five or six feet in depth. The stump of a large tree was found in a bog ten feet deep at Castle Forbes; the trunk had been burnt, and some of the cinders and ashes still were laying on the stump. Mr. Molyneux further says, that on the top of an high mountain in the north, there were then remaining the streets and other marks of a large town.

I could not but remark that beauty is more diffused in England among the lower ranks of life than in Ireland; which may however be attributed to the mere modes of living. In England the meanest cottager is better fed, better lodged, and better dressed than the most opulent farmers here, who, unaccustomed to what our peasants reckon the comforts of life, know no luxury but in deep potations of aqua vitæ.

From

From this circumstance, we may account for a fact reported to me, by the officers of the army here. They say that the young fellows of Ireland, who offer to enlist, are more generally below the given height, than in England. There can be no appeal from their testimony, for they were Irish, and the standard is an infallible test.

I can see no reason why the causes which promote or prevent the growth of other animals, should not have similar effects upon the human species. In England, where there is no stint of provisions, the growth is not checked, but on the contrary it is extended to the utmost bound of nature's original intention; whereas in Ireland, where food is neither in the same quantity, nor of the same quality, the body cannot expand itself, but is dwarfed and stunted in its dimensions.

The gentlemen of Ireland are full as tall as those of England; the difference then between them and the commonalty, can only proceed from the difference of food.

The inhabitants, in general, of this kingdom, are very far from being what they have too often and unjustly been represented by those of our country who never saw them, a nation of wild Irish; since I have been in Ireland, I have traversed from north to south, and from west to east, but more particularly through the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, and generally found them civil and obliging, even amongst the lowest class of the natives. Miserable and oppressed, as by far too many of them are, an Englishman will find as much civility in general, as amongst the same class in his own country; and,

and, for a small pecuniary consideration they will exert themselves to please you as much as any people, perhaps, in the king's dominions. Poverty and oppression will naturally make mankind sour, rude, and unsociable, and eradicate, or at least suppress all the more amiable principles and passions of humanity. But it should seem unfair and ungenerous to judge of, or decide against, the natural disposition of a man reduced by indigence and oppression almost to desperation. Let commerce, agriculture, and arts, but call forth the dormant activity of their genius, and rouse the native spirit of enterprise, which now lies torpid within them; let liberal laws unfetter their minds, and plenty cheer their tables, they will soon shew themselves deserving to rank with the most respectable societies in Europe.

Before I conclude this introduction, I cannot omit remarking, that bogs, wherewith Ireland is in some places overgrown, are not so injurious to health, as is commonly imagined; the watery exhalations from them are neither so abundant nor so noxious, as those from marshes, which become prejudicial from the various animal and vegetable substances which are left to putrify as soon as the waters are exhaled by the sun. During the overflowing of the Nile, Egypt is comparatively healthy; when the waters subside, putrefaction takes place, and the plague returns. Bogs are not, as one might suppose from their blackness, masses of putrefaction; but on the contrary, they are of such a texture, as to resist putrefaction above any other substance we know of. I have seen a shoe, all of one piece of leather, very neatly stitched, taken out of a bog some years ago, yet entirely fresh;—from the very fashion of

which, there is scarce room to doubt that it had lain there some centuries. I have seen butter called rouskin, which had been hid in hollowed trunks of trees so long, that it was become hard, and almost friable, yet not devoid of unctuousity; that the length of time it had been buried was very great, we learn from the depth of the bog, which was ten feet, that had grown over it. But the common phænomenon of timber trees dug out of these bogs, not only found, but also so embalmed as afterwards to defy the injuries of time, demonstrate the antiseptic quality of them.

The horns of the moose deer must have lain many centuries in a bog; for the Irish histories do not recognize the existence of the animal whereon they grew. Indeed, human bodies have, in many places, been dug up entire, which must have lain there for ages.

The growth of bogs, however, is variable in different places, from the variety of conditions in the situation, soil, humidity, and quantity of vegetable food; in some places it is very rapid, in others very slow; and therefore their altitudes cannot afford any certain measure of time.

In the manufacturing counties of the north, I found peat fuel was become so scarce, that turbaries let from five to eight guineas an acre. In some places they are so eradicated, there does not remain a trace of them, the ground being now converted into rich meadows and sweet pastures.

If we trust to authorities, we must conclude that Ireland was not originally inferior to England, either in the fertility of the soil, or salubrity of

of the climate, and upon the whole, from what I read, heard, and seen, I must join issue with Cambriensis, that "nature has looked with a more favourable eye than usual upon this kingdom of the zephyrs." When this country shall have felt the happy effects of the late indulgencies of the British parliament, by repealing several acts which restrained the trade of this kingdom with foreign parts, and allowed the exportation of woollen manufactures and glass; and shall have received further indulgences now in agitation, from the same authority; and when the spirit of industry shall be infused, in consequence of it, into the common people, their country will not be inferior to any other on the globe, under the same parallel. It is very difficult to say, whether foreign or domestic causes have operated most powerfully in laying waste this fruitful country; which, by being relieved from their late unnatural prohibitions, will be enabled to furnish a grand proportion of supplies to Great Britain, and will unavoidably become of vast importance by its reciprocal trade, in restraining the increase of that of France, who cannot carry on this important branch of traffic, without the assistance of Irish wool. The wool of France is short and coarse, being, in the language of the manufacturers, neither fine in the thread, nor long in the staple. This obliges them to have recourse to the wool of Ireland, which possesses both these qualities. Assisted by a pack of Irish wool, the French are enabled to manufacture two of their own, which they will be no longer able to procure, as the Irish will now work up their own wool, which they used to export; great part of which found its way to France, and enabled them to supply other markets to the great prejudice of Britain. The hap-

xxx INTRODUCTION.

py effects of it being already felt; for, notwithstanding it was so late as December 23, 1779, that the Royal Assent was given to the taking off their restraints on woollen exports, it appears that on January 10, following, an export entry was made at the Custom-house of Dublin, of 1300 yards of serge for a foreign market, by William Worthington, Esq.

THE

THE COMPLETE
IRISH TRAVELLER.

CIRCUMSTANCES of life, and natural inclinations, encouraged me to cultivate my domestic instructions with that liberal knowledge of men and things, which, by experience, I have found is best obtained by observation and conversation in different countries. I was advised not to begin with the Grand Tour of Europe, which is commonly laid down as a task to be performed by our English gentry as soon as they are taken from school; but to pass over into that country first, which, on account of its laws, religion, political dependence, &c. ought to be regarded and thoroughly known next to Great Britain, and so complete a tour through his majesty's dominions of England, Scotland, and Ireland; the latter kingdom, reported by historians to abound with no inconsiderable store of antiquities and natural curiosities, and affording a large fund of gratification to the British traveller.

Having crossed St. George's Channel from Liverpool, the most prosperous sea-port town on the western coast of England, the first land we made was Howth Heath, a point of land about eight miles east of Dublin, forming the north point of its bay, which is about three or four miles wide, and six or seven deep. The bar of this harbour is very incommodious, but the entrance into the harbour, being at least eight miles

miles from Dublin city, is extremely beautiful and picturesque, diversified with hills and promontories on either hand, exhibiting a very spacious amphitheatre, bounded by a high shore, and said to be exceeded in grandeur by none, except the bay of Naples, to whose superiority of view Mount Vesuvius does not a little contribute. The country all round is sprinkled with white villas. From the entrance the light-house or pigeon-house on the south side of the harbour appears to great advantage; at a little distance from it is Irish Town, (two miles distant from Dublin) to which place the dyke from that city reaches; and which, when carried on to the extent proposed, will considerably encrease the quantity of marsh ground already retrieved from the bay, at the bottom of which the river Liffy discharges itself. The city of Dublin is not seen to advantage from the water, yet the landscape upon the whole is highly rich and beautiful, being horizon'd in some places by mountains, exactly conical, called the Sugar-Loaf-Hills. I am persuaded there are many who would not regret a journey thither for this single prospect, to render which compleat, a number of circumstances are necessary, but which can seldom concur, such as the season of the year, the time of the day, and the clearness of the atmosphere when you enter the bay.

The magnitude of the city of Dublin is much greater than in general imagined, being nearer a fourth than a fifth of that of London; if you view it from any of the towers it seems more, but from walking the streets you would suppose it to be less. In 1754 there were 12,857 houses in this city; but in 1766 they were increased to 13,194; and are now further augmented to above

13,500,

13,500, which indeed is far short of one fourth of the number of houses in London, yet there is not so great a disproportion in the number of inhabitants, who are supposed, at a moderate computation, to amount to 160,000. It is nearly circular, about eight miles in circumference. We see it to great advantage from any of its steeples, the blue slate having a very good effect. The best view is from the Phoenix park, (the Hyde park of Dublin,) but much more extensive than ours, and would be exquisitely beautiful, if dressed and planted; but except some thorns and the clumps of elms planted by the late Lord Chesterfield when he was Lord Lieutenant, there are very few trees upon it. In one part of this park his Lordship raised a handsome column of free-stone fluted, with a Phoenix on the top, issuing out of a flame; with an inscription on the base, importing that he embellished the park at his own expense for the recreation of the citizens of Dublin; and his name is still held in veneration among them. The greatest part of Dublin is very indifferent, but the new streets are as elegant as the modern streets of Westminster. Lately has been added to it an elegant square, called Merriion's square, built in a superb stile. Near that is the square called St. Stephen's Green, each side being near a quarter of a mile, probably the largest in Europe, round which is a gravel walk of near a mile, where genteel company walk in the evenings, and on Sundays after two o'clock. This square has some grand houses, and is in general well built, and although there is a great inequality in the houses, yet this in some respect adds to its beauty. In the midst of it is an equestrian statue of George II. in brass, erected in 1758. The situation is chearful, and the build-ings around it multiply very fast. A new square
has

has lately been begun, called Palatine-square, near the barracks, a regular fine range of buildings, which, when compleated, will considerably add to the growing improvements of this city.

The quays of Dublin are its principal beauty; they lie on each side the river Liffey, which is banked and walled in, the whole length of the city; and at the breadth of a wide street from the river on each side, the houses are built fronting each other, which has a good effect. This embankment, when paved, will be superior to any part of London. The Liffey runs for about two miles almost in a straight line through the city, and over it are five bridges; of these Effex-bridge is the most worthy of notice. It consists of five arches of stone, the chord of the middle one is 48 feet; it was begun in 1753, finished in about a year and a half, and cost 20,000 guineas. It has raised foot-paths, alcoves, and balustrades like Westminster-bridge, of a white stone, coarse but hard. It fronts Capel-street to the north, and Parliament-street to the south. The length is 250 feet, and breadth about the width of that at Westminster: here the tide rises on an average about ten feet. Queen's-bridge was re-built in 1764, is exceedingly neat, and consists of three elegant arches. The other bridges are not worth mentioning, as they are merely conveniencies to save the trouble of ferrying across the river, and defy every order of architecture. At the end of Effex-bridge is the elegant new building of the Exchange, which does honour to the merchants who conducted it, the expense being mostly defrayed by lotteries. The whole is of white stone, richly embellished with semicolumns of the corinthian order, a cupola, and other ornaments, with a statue of his present majesty, George III. erected

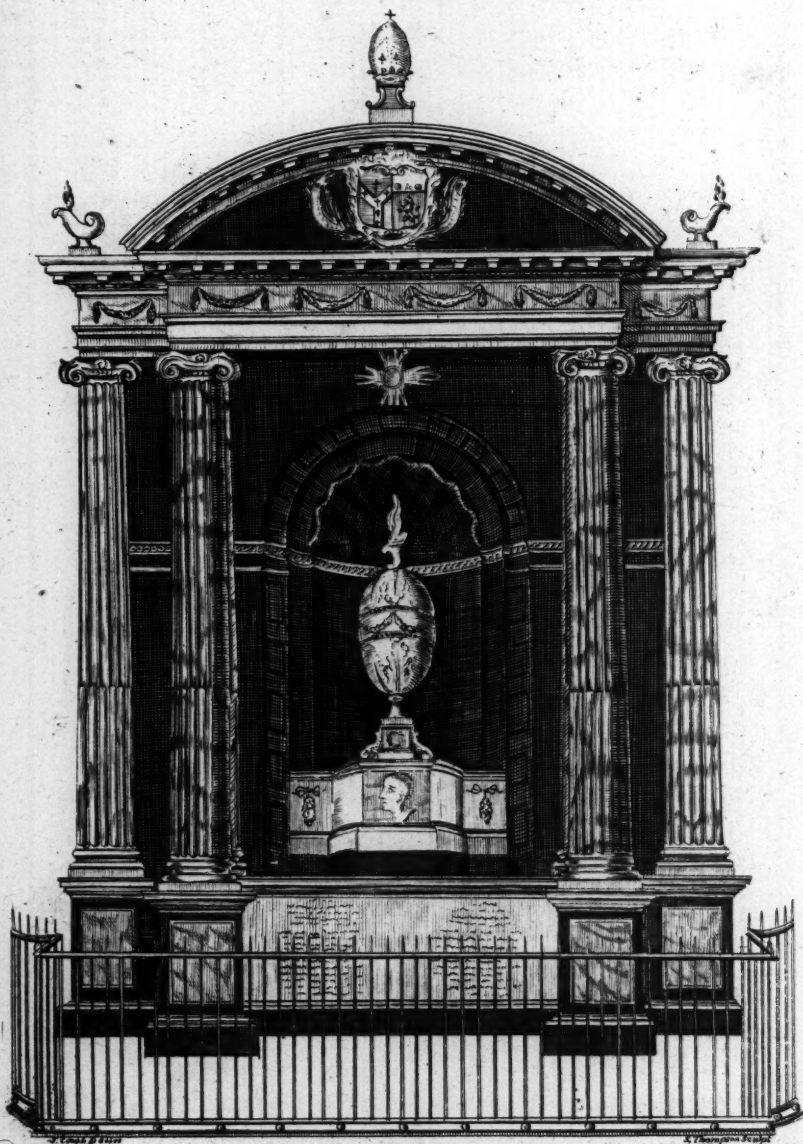
erected in 1779. Near this, on a little eminence, is situated the castle, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, which consists of two large courts, called the upper and lower castle-yard; in the latter of which are the treasury, and some other public offices. Though there is little grandeur in the outward appearance of either, yet, upon the whole, this castle is far superior to the palace of St. James's, as well in the exterior, as the size and the elegance of the apartments within. Over the gates leading to the upper yard, are two handsome statues, viz. Justice and Fortitude; these, with an equestrian statue of William III. in College-green, erected in 1701, another of George II. already mentioned, in the center of St. Stephen's-green; and a third of George I. in the Mayoralty-garden, and of George III. at the Exchange, are all the statues erected in Dublin, except the two on the Tholsel.

To expect many works of the fine arts in a country but just recovering from an almost uninterrupted warfare of near six hundred years, would be to look for the ripe fruits of autumn in the lap of spring. Even London cannot boast of many, considering its mighty opulence. A single church, on the continent, is sometimes decorated with more statues, than are to be seen in the greatest city of Europe.

Here are two cathedrals, eighteen parish churches, besides several chapels, meeting-houses, &c. Neither of the cathedrals are remarkable for their architecture; and as to the parish churches, except on the front of three or four of their steeples, external embellishments have been little studied; all that seems to have been attended to, was neatness and convenience within;

but they are generally destitute of every monumental decoration : In the cathedrals only, are to be seen whatever of the monumental kind is worthy observation. In that of the Trinity, or Christ-Church, the sculptures which merit notice are, 1. that erected in 1570 to the memory of Richard Strongbow, who died in 1177, but has lately been injured by having been painted white. 2. That of Mr. Thomas Prior, founder of the Dublin society, an elegant piece of workmanship, executed by J. Van Nost in 1756, which represents two boys of white marble, one pointing to Industry and Agriculture, expressed in basso relievo, and the other to a representation of Minerva leading the Arts towards Hibernia. Beneath on a scroll, is an inscription by the late Dr. Berkley, the celebrated bishop of Cloyne. 3. That of the earl of Kildare, who died in 1743. This is situated on the north side of the choir, and is very superb, executed in white marble by H. Cheere. The late earl, afterwards duke of Leinster, and his sister, are represented mourning over the body of their father. 4. In the nave of the cathedral is that of lord Bowes, late high chancellor of Ireland, who died in 1767. It represents, in white marble as large as life, the figure of Justice, in a pensive attitude, looking at a medallion, with his lordship's head in relief, which she holds in her hand, and weeps over it. The whole is pathetically expressed. This cathedral is the more beautiful of the two; yet the choir is rather too much narrowed by three rows of pews on each side, which leave the aisle between them of not more than ten feet width. It has a gallery on each side. The organ is placed on one side of the choir, near the altar, in a gallery. The choristers go up into this when the anthem is sung; and, what may seem extraordinary,



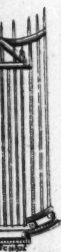


The Monument of ARTHUR SMYTH D.D. late Archbishop of Dublin

nary, they have only one set of choristers for both cathedrals, who perform at one cathedral in the morning, and at the other in the evening. Both the cathedrals are on the south side of the river.

In St. Patrick's the monuments are more in number, but not so well executed; that erected in 1766 to the memory of Dr. Smith, late Archbishop of Dublin, is indeed, by some, esteemed elegant, but in my opinion the massy columns of Italian marble are too large for their intended use. The epitaph you may suppose is very classical, when you are informed it was written by Dr. Louth, Bishop of London. Opposite to it is a plain monument of Dr. Marsh, formerly Archbishop of this See, whose benefaction of a valuable library to the public, is a more noble memorial of him. In the same nave are tablets of black marble, one to the memory of a faithful servant of Dean Swift; another erected lately to that of Mrs. Johnson, his celebrated Stella; and a third over the facetious Dean himself. In the choir are several monuments of more antient dates, the principal of which is that of the family of Boyle, erected in 1629, an enormous pile of wood, with near twenty clumsy images as large as life. In the chapter-house is a black slab over the Duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne.

The modern-built churches in Dublin have neither spires nor steeples. There are two or three of them adorned with elegant stone fronts. The Round Church, on the south side of the Liffy, is, as the name expresses it, really round, and very convenient for the performance of Oratorios.



Speculative men have been much divided in their sentiments about the proportion which Protestants bear to Papists in Dublin. According to some inaccurate returns, the number of houses belonging to each denomination is nearly equal; yet it is generally thought, that there are two Papists for one Protestant, most of the poorer sort, and nearly all the servants, being of the first class; and among the Papists chiefly it is, that many families are crowded into one house.

There are but few public buildings here of any note; in Ship-street, an antique round tower, seldom noticed by the inhabitants of Dublin, was demolished during my stay here. By some antiquarians it is supposed of Druidical erection from its shape; but others are weak enough to imagine it Danish, of which there are several similar ones in different parts of the kingdom, as I shall hereafter notice at Clondalkin. If erected by the Danes, it is somewhat remarkable, that none such are extant in Denmark. Giraldus Cambrensis, who visited Ireland in 1172, describes very minutely those narrow and lofty round towers, peculiar to, and so common in this kingdom, as having been built long before his time. Not only in the more open, but more sequestered parts of the kingdom, are these towers to be seen, and always near the remains of ancient churches. A late ingenious and learned writer remarks, "So blindly and wilfully prejudiced have modern writers concerning Ireland been, that the very maritime cities, in which the lofty towers, strong walls, and elegant buildings bespeak the power as well as the taste of the ancient Irish, are all attributed to the Danes,—a savage, barbarous crew, whose eruption, like those of their
successors,

successors, the Saxons, were every where marked with blood, rapine, and desolation! We every where read of countries laid waste, people as well as buildings destroyed by these Barbarians, but not a word of improvements."

The Bishop's Palace, or St. Sepulchre, is very old, and situated not far from St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Parliament-house in College-green, begun in 1729, finished in ten years, at an expense of 40,000*l.* is truly a most august pile, and admirably constructed in all its parts. The House of Lords is beautiful, and as elegant as any public room in Great Britain. The House of Commons is octangular, capacious, convenient, and magnificent, infinitely superior to that at Westminster. This building is looked upon as one of the principal ornaments of the city. The front is a portico of the Ionic Order, and, in general, well executed, in the form of the Greek Ω , supported by lofty columns of Portland stone, and is affirmed to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe. Near the Parliament-house stands Trinity College, which constitutes the whole of the University, consisting of two squares; in the whole of which are thirty-three buildings of eight rooms each. The building has twenty-three windows in front, is of white stone, and of four stories in height. It was begun in 1591. Indeed its situation adds much to its grandeur. College-green, which is the name of the street leading to its front, regularly widens as you approach the College, and terminates in a triangular opening; on the right is the Parliament-house, and in the centre of the triangle an equestrian statue of William III. Three sides of the further square of the College are built of brick, and the fourth is a most superb library, which, being constructed of very bad stone, is mouldering to ruin,

ruin. The inside is beautiful, commodious, and magnificent, embellished with nineteen busts of ancient and modern worthies ; among whom are those of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Shakespear, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Boyle, Swift, Usher, Gilbert, Delany, &c. &c. A great part of the books, on one side, was collected by Archbishop Usher, one of the original Members of this Body, and beyond comparison the most learned man it has ever produced. The remainder on the same side was the bequest of Dr. Gilbert. The modern publications in this library are very few, as there have been but few additions made for above 40 years past. The new square, three sides of which have been built within 20 years past, by parliamentary bounty, and from thence called Parliament-square, is of hewn stone, of a coarse grain, but so hard as to resist the corroding tooth of time. The front next the city, is ornamented with pilasters, festoons, &c. Near the college, in the same line, is the Provost's house, a handsome building of free-stone. The chapel of the college is as mean a structure as can be conceived ; destitute of monumental decoration within, and coarsely simple without.

The old hall where college exercises are performed, is in the same range, and built in the same stile ; but the new hall where the members dine, is a large, fine room. In the Museum are but few objects to entertain curiosity, excepting a set of figures in wax, representing females in every state of pregnancy, which were presented to the university by the present Lord Shelburne, who purchased them of the maker, (a French gentleman) after their having been exhibited in England for many years. In the anatomy-house
of

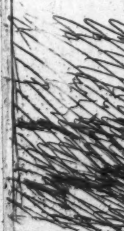
of this college, is a human skeleton, of between seven and eight feet high. They told me it belonged to one Magrath, an orphan, in this country, somewhere near Cloyne. The child fell into the hands of the famous Berkley, then bishop of that see. This subtle doctor, who denied the existence of matter, was as inquisitive in his physical researches, as he was whimsical in his metaphysical speculation. When I tell you, that he had well nigh put an end to his own existence, by experimenting what are the sensations of a person dying on the gallows, you will be more ready to forgive him for his treatment to the poor foundling, whose story I am now to finish.

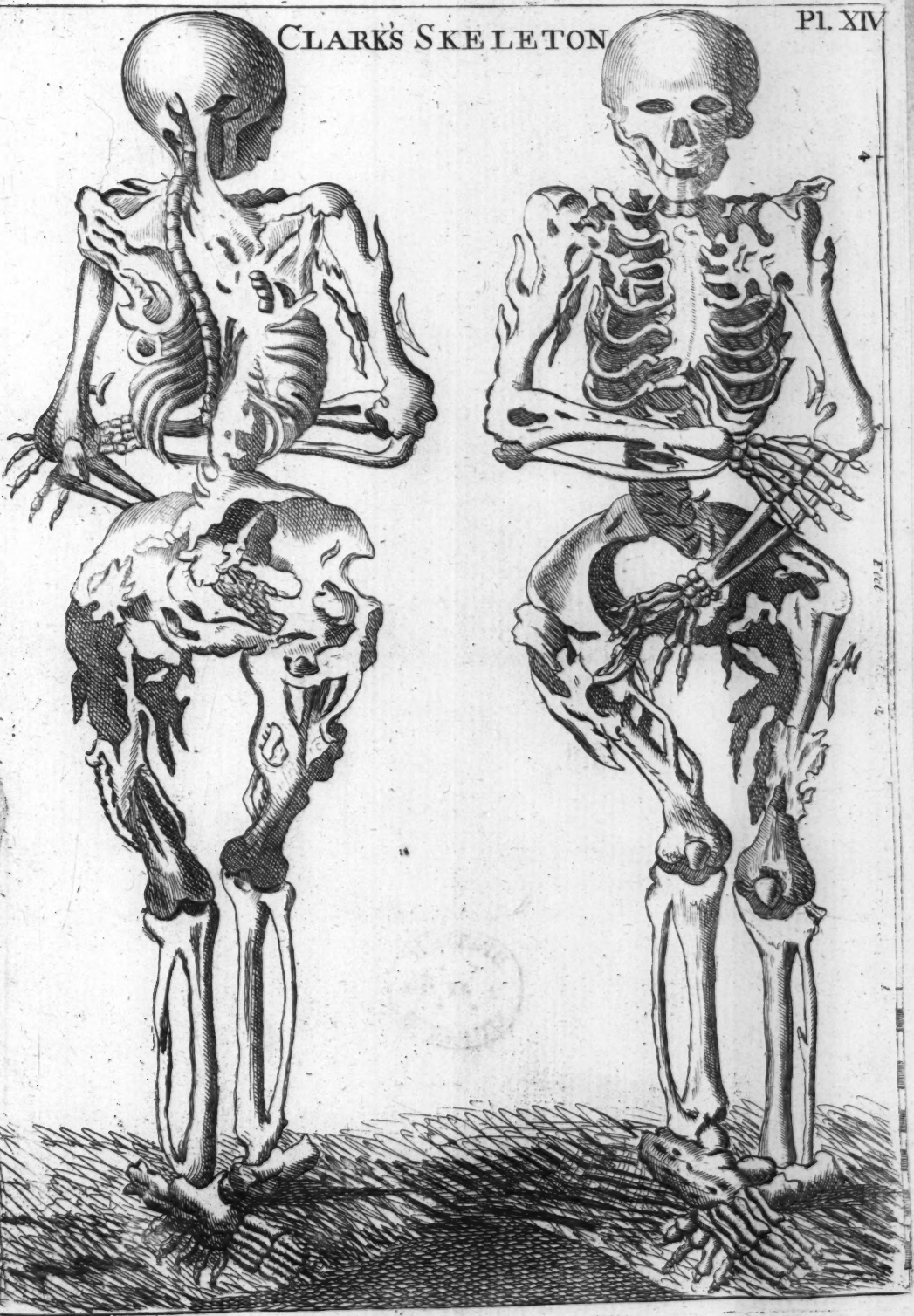
The bishop had a strange fancy to know whether it was not in the power of art to increase the human stature. And this unhappy orphan appeared to him a fit subject for trial. He made his essay according to his preconceived theory, whatever it might be, and the consequence was, that he became seven feet high in his sixteenth year. He was carried through various parts of Europe for the last years of his life, and exhibited as the prodigious Irish giant. But so disproportioned were his organs, that he contracted an universal imbecility both of body and mind, and died of old age at twenty. His under-jaw was monstrous, yet the skull did not exceed the common size. But they shew a skull there, which, if the other members symmetrized, does certainly bespeak a stature more than Patagonian. It was the skull of one O'Dowd, a gentleman of Connaught, whose family, now extinct, were all above the common size.

In the same place I saw the skeleton of one Clerk, a native of the city of Cork, whom they
call

call the ossified man: the greatest curiosity that ever nature produced. It is the carcase of a man intirely ossified in his life-time, living in that miserable condition several years. Those that knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm he had been a young man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some time after he had lain all night in the fields after a hard debauch, till by slow degrees every part grew into a bony substance, excepting his skin, eyes, and entrails: his joints settled in such a manner, that no ligament had its proper operation: he could not lie down nor rise without assistance: he had at last no bend in his body; yet, when he sat upright, like a statue of stone, he could stand, but could not move in the least. His teeth were joined, and formed into one entire bone, therefore a hole was broke through them to convey liquid substance, for his nourishment I cannot say, but to linger on a miserable life. The tongue lost its use, and his sight left him, some time before he expired.

This seminary was founded and endowed by queen Elizabeth, yet they have neither statue, bust, picture, nor any representation of their munificent benefactress. The provostship is supposed to be worth 3000l. per annum. That of a senior fellow about 700l. of whom there are seven. A junior fellow's emoluments are about 100l. per annum, besides commons, and the instruction of pupils; of these there are fifteen; there are seventy scholars, and thirty sizers. Among the students are three different ranks; fellow-commoners, pensioners, and sizers. The first are so named from dining with the fellows; for which privilege, however, they pay little more than the pensioners, who dine by themselves,





selves, according to their classes. The principal difference is in the rate of tuition: yet, as they take their degrees a year sooner than pensioners, there is but little difference in the expense upon the whole. The sizers or servitors pay nothing for their commons, but carry up the dishes to the fellows table, which they attend, and afterwards dine upon the fragments that come from it. These wear black gowns of coarse stuff, without sleeves. Pensioners wear gowns of the same form, but of fine stuffs, with hanging sleeves and tassels. Commoners wear gowns of the same shape and stuffs, but with sleeves and velvet collars. Noblemen, knights, and sons of noblemen, wear gowns of the same shape as the commoners, but with gold and silver tassels.

The number of students is very variable; it is said to fluctuate upon the tide of peace and war. About forty years ago, the number was pretty nearly the same it is now, that is about 400. At the close of the last war, the number upon their books was less than 300. And so few went into the ministry at that period, that curates were wanting for the service of country parishes. It was therefore judged expedient to ordain upon Scotch degrees, which are obtained for the attendance of as many months, as years in England or Ireland. At present, few gentlemen of fortune who have not either the advowson of a living in their family, or some peculiar episcopal or parliamentary connection, chuse to dedicate their sons to the church, as the education is too expensive for a curacy of fifty pounds a year. Yet, they tell you, these few years of peace have produced such a redundancy of candidates for orders, that a nomination is not procured without some difficulty.

Near St. Stephen's Green is the mansion-house of the lord mayor, a brick building of two stories, with five windows in front, of but two panes breadth in each. There are however, some magnificent structures of modern date; such as the duke of Leinster's, near the mansion-house, a very august pile, not unworthy the premier peer of any country; and on the opposite side of the water is lord Charlemont's; though it cannot be deemed a large house, nothing can be more elegant, nor any situation more delightful; it stands upon a little eminence, exactly fronting Mosse's hospital generally called the Lying-in-hospital. Indeed there are several more houses in Dublin built of hewn stone, but those mentioned are the most worthy of a traveller's attention.

Mosse's hospital, or the Lying-in-hospital, is situated in Great Britain-street, near the most northern extremity of Dublin, which claims particular notice, both as an example of humanity, and a specimen of architecture. It is magnificent and almost faultless, and was the first charity of the kind in his majesty's dominions. Above 10,000 poor objects have been delivered here within twenty years. It was founded in 1745, and finished in 1757; and is now supported by grants from parliament, private benefactions, legacies, the profits arising from concerts, and its public gardens. Dr. Mosse's only resources were lotteries, the emoluments from concerts, and subscriptions to the gardens. The benevolence of the public was at length awakened, after the doctor had met with every opposition, and popular clamour; the king gave stability to the institution by a charter, and parliament bestowed a bounty on the widow of him who had devoted his

his life to the service of his fellow creatures. Behind the hospital are the gardens, with a large circular room called the Rotunda, built in imitation of that at Ranelagh near London, about a third as large, but without any pillar in the centre. Here they have an organ and orchestra for concerts, in the wet evenings of summer, and for balls in winter: so that upon the whole, this is the Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Pantheon of Dublin. Nay, it is something more than all these, it is a polite place of public resort on Sunday evenings. On these nights the rotunda and gardens are crowded, the price of admission being only sixpence each person.

At the west end of the city, on the north side of the water, near the Phoenix park, stand the barracks, said to be the largest building in his majesty's dominions; capable of containing 3000 foot and 1000 horse. The whole is of rough stone, ornamented with cornices and window cases of cut stone; and some late additions are not without elegance of architecture. It consists of three squares, or rather imperfect squares, each wanting its south side. Nearly opposite, on the south side of the river, is Dr. Stevens's hospital for sick and wounded objects of charity; and near that charity stands St. Patrick's hospital, for lunatics and idiots, founded by the late celebrated Dean Swift, in 1745, in consequence of about 11,000*l.* bequeathed by him; who unfortunately became a proper object for his own charitable foundation.

Near the barracks, on Oxmantown-green, has very lately been erected a new blue-coat hospital, a beautiful stone building, not yet entirely finished; a foundation whose utility is too obvious to

need commendation, the old building being decayed and ruinous. The new structure is one of the noblest Dublin can boast of.

Near Stevens's, but farther west, is the hospital of Kilmainham, or Royal-hospital, answering to our Chelsea, built in 1695. In the building there is nothing remarkable, but the situation is charming, and affords a comfortable retreat for time-worn veterans, of which about 500 are here maintained. There are, besides those hospitals already mentioned, ten or twelve others, useful, but not ornamental structures. One thing, however, is remarkable as to their differing from the English charities of the same kind; for the physicians and surgeons are not elected by the governors, but when a vacancy happens, it is filled up by a majority of the faculty who belong to the respective hospital.

Almost every parish in the city has Protestant schools, supported by charitable donations, collected principally in the churches at charity sermons. And to evince the national humanity, Parliament grants an annual sum to a poorhouse, for receiving and supporting foundlings from every part of the kingdom. To this house it is not unusual to send children even from England, where they are received without difficulty.

Among the other amusements of this metropolis are two theatres. The old house in Smock-Alley, not so large as the new in Crow-street, which is nearly the size of that of Drury-lane, is one of the most elegant and best constructed theatres, for the advantage of both audience and actors, of any in the three kingdoms.

Upon

Upon the whole, Dublin is no contemptible city; and we should rather wonder, considering its limited trade, to find it such as it is, than be disappointed at its inferiority in some respects to those which labour under no restrictions, political, civil, or commercial, to depress their growth. Poverty can be no reproach to citizens, whose industry is prevented from exertion; and this is the best apology I can make for a want of cleanliness, which, if not injurious to the credit, must undoubtedly be so the health of this populous city; for it cannot be denied, that, except the few new streets, which are paved and flagged like those of London, the whole of it is abominably dirty and slippery.

The plan of Dublin is nearly circular, divided by the Liffy, encompassed with a broad walk, or road, much frequented by the better sort of people, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. It was made for the purpose of furnishing a convenient airing, and the money collected at the toll-gates is applied totally to the keeping it in repair. In 1774 an act passed for new paving the city, and in consequence of it some of the streets are already new laid. Sackville-street, which is one of the handsomest, might have been carried up to the front of the Lying-in-hospital, which would have rendered it magnificent. In the midst is a mall, enclosed within a low wall.

From the general badness of the streets, hackney coaches are more frequent in proportion than in London, and sedan chairs are every where as common as about St. James's. They have an odd kind of single-horse chaise here, called noddies, so insufferably crazy, and even dangerous,
as

as to afford matter of surprize that they are permitted to be used : their fare is half the price of a coach. They are nothing more than an old one-horse chaise, or chair, with a stool fixed upon the shafts just before the seat, on which the driver sits, just above the rump of his horse.

Goods are conveyed about the city on two-wheeled cars, drawn by a single horse. The wheels are thin round blocks, about 20 inches in diameter. They are frequently used as vehicles for the common people on their parties of pleasure, when a bed or a mat is placed on the car, and half a dozen people sit on it, with their legs hanging a few inches from the ground. They are generally dragged a foot-pace, and are as ridiculous a chaise-marine as can be imagined.

In the year 1749 it was computed, that in the city and liberties there were two thousand ale-houses, three hundred taverns, and twelve thousand brandy-shops. At present, in this extensive place are but seven or eight coffee-houses, and they are resorted to for tea and coffee only, not like those in London, where dinners and suppers make a very convenient addition ; nor are there above half a dozen chop-houses ; such accommodations being novel in Dublin.

It is very extraordinary, that in this large and populous city there should be such an almost total want of good inns for the entertainment of strangers and travellers. This defect obliges every body that is acquainted with the place to get into private lodgings as soon as he arrives, or to use the hotels lately set up ; some of which are elegant.

The

The conveniency of a penny-post office has lately been established for the carriage of letters in and about Dublin; as well as above twenty stage coaches for the conveyance of passengers to various parts of the kingdom; but there are no stages for horses, excepting on the road from Dublin to Belfast, so that the only method of travelling with convenience is to hire a carriage and horses by the week or month. The roads of the country are universally good, but near Dublin extremely bad. The most perfect security attends travelling throughout this kingdom; for, excepting the environs of Dublin, it is very unusual to hear of any highwayman or footpad.

During my stay here I was frequently presented with the picture of a late Tourist at the bottom of the chamber-pots, with his mouth and eyes open ready to receive the libation, and on enquiry found, that even the utensil now is more frequently called by the name of a Twiss than any other, in contempt of the illiberal reflections of that gentleman, who was so hospitably received here. Indeed hospitality holds its residence here, for it is customary for almost every gentleman, who dines with your friend, to ask you for a day; nay, they will sometimes invite the whole company to be of your party. This social custom is still very prevalent, though not so much, I am told, as it has been.

With respect to drinking, I have been happily disappointed; the bottle is circulated freely, but not to that excess we have heard it was, and I of course dreaded to find. Common sense is resuming her empire; the practice of cramming guests is already exploded, and that of gorging them

them is daily losing ground. Wherever I have yet been, I was always desired to do just as I would chuse; nay, I have been at some tables, where the practice of drinking healths, at dinner, was entirely laid aside. Let the custom originate whence it may, it is now unnecessary; in many cases it is unseasonable, and in all superfluous.

The tables of the first fashion are covered just as in London; I can see scarcely any difference, unless it be that there is more variety here. Well-bred people of different countries approach much nearer to each other in their manners, than those who have not seen the world. This is visible in the living of the merchants of London and Dublin; with these, you never see a stinted dinner, at two o'clock, with a glass of port after it; but you find a table, not only plentifully, but luxuriously spread, with choice of wines both at dinner and after it; and, which gives the highest zest to the entertainment, your host receives you with such an appearance of liberality, and indeed urbanity, as is very pleasing. Here they betray no attention to the counter, discover no sombrous gloom of computation, but display an open frankness and social vivacity of spirit.

If you prefer the men of this country for their hospitality, and the women for their beauty, you are likely to live well with them.

Having remained at Dublin for some time, the first excursion I made was down the North Strand, enjoying the sea breezes as I rode along. Summer-hill, the suburb leading to it, affords one of the most charming prospects in the world. Before you is the sea, covered with ships; on the left

left of the bay is a country beautifully varied, and sufficiently dressed by art, to enrich the landscape; to the right the conical mountains of Wicklow and Sugar-loaf-hills, terminate your view. The river Liffy, and part of the city, compose the fore-ground of this exquisite piece. Summer-hill, as well for the beauty of the situation, as purity of the air, is become the residence of several retired families.

One pretty sure sign of poverty is, that, though there are Jews here, there are not a sufficient number to form a constant and regular synagogue. Another which solicits your attention as you walk the streets, is the wretched harridans who ply for hire. These, covered with tattered weeds, are the most horrid miscreants that ever degraded human nature.

The hawkers of news, and cleaners of shoes, fill up the measure of apparent poverty in Dublin. The filth of their bodies is offensive, and their manners shocking; their outrages upon decency, disgust you at every corner; and their several cries, infinitely more sonorous than ours, tingle in your ears, with all the enraging variations of the brogue.

In general the outskirts of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, or cabbins, constructed of mud dried, and mostly without either chimney or window; and in these miserable kind of dwellings, far the greater part of the inhabitants of Ireland linger out a wretched existence. A small piece of ground is generally annexed to each, whose chief produce is potatoes; and on these roots and milk the common Irish subsist all the year round, without tasting either bread or meat, except perhaps at Christmas once or twice. What little the men

can earn by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is generally consumed in whisky, a spirituous liquor resembling geneva. Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these beings, who seem to form a different race from the rest of mankind; their poverty is far greater than that of the Spanish, Portuguese, or even the Scotch peasants; notwithstanding which, they wear the appearance of content. The indigence of the middling class of people is visible even in Dublin; yet from the most attentive and minute inquiries, I am confident, that the produce of this kingdom, either of corn or cattle, is not above two thirds, at most, of what by good cultivation it might yield; notwithstanding which, the landed gentlemen, I believe, make as much, or more of their estates, than any in the three kingdoms, while the lands, for equal goodness, produce the least. The consequences of this, with respect to the different classes, are obvious;—the landlords first get all that is made of the land, and the tenants, for their labour, get poverty and potatoes. Previous to giving an account of my tour through the different parts of this kingdom, I cannot omit remarking that the roads are generally good for riding, but by no means equal to the English for a carriage; the inns, though they are very far from making the appearance of those in England, yet the English traveller will universally, almost meet with civil usage, good provisions, and, for himself, clean decent lodging; but an English horse, could he speak as well as Balaam's vehicle, would curse the country, whose hay and litter are worse than can be conceived: indeed their oats for the most part are tolerably good, excepting two or three counties in the east of Leinster, and one or two in Ulster; almost all the straw produced goes on upon their houses and cabins:

cabins. Indeed the furniture of the saddle-horses, such as saddle, bridle, stirrups, and crupper, are frequently made all of straw; sometimes the bridle and stirrups are of cord.

The high roads throughout the southern and western parts are lined with beggars, who live in huts or cabins, of such shocking materials and construction, that through hundreds of them you may see the smoak ascending through almost every inch of its defenceless covering: for scarce one in twenty of them has any window or chimney; and through those chasms of course must the rain make its way to drip upon the half-naked, shivering, and almost half starved inhabitant within; notwithstanding their ill appearance, a traveller is frequently presented with boards at the side of the cabin door, with "dry lodgings and tobacco," sometimes only "good dry lodgings," or "lodgings and snuff." As a symbol where milk is sold, they hang out a white rag on a stick. Indeed these huts spoil the figure and appearance of the much greater number of even their largest towns in the whole kingdom, whose entrances are generally dirty, with long strings of these despicable hovels, with which most of them are prefaced. The inland towns especially, into which you are generally introduced through a line of 50 or 100 of these habitations of poverty and oppression, on either hand, even the metropolis itself, as before observed on several of the most public entrances, is not without this disgraceful deformity, which exhibits the penury and wretchedness of the tenants, and the mean spirit-edness of the landlords, who, too generally for their own, or the reputation of their country, impose the building houses on their lands, upon a set of people, whose abilities will not enable

them to build with materials so good as those of a swallow's nest, and to the infamy of the proprietors may it be said, that most of the farm-houses in Ireland are constructed in this miserable manner.

Having now I flatter myself, given you a tolerable notion of Dublin and its environs, I purpose first setting out in a day or two to visit the principal places in the south of the kingdom, before I visit the north. I prefer a southern tour, not only as the climate must be better, but because the north is in a thriving state of manufacture, and therefore cannot be supposed to differ so widely from England.

A slight sketch of the geography of this country may enable you the better to trace me without a map. Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, and Munster. The last is to the S. and the first to the N. Leinster is to the E. and Connaught to the W.

Leinster (in which is Dublin, about midway removed from either extremity of the kingdom) is the most level, and best cultivated; Ulster the most barren and mountainous, but the most thriving and populous; Munster the most fertile, yet the least thriving upon the whole; the increase of people in her cities not compensating her internal depopulation: Connaught is said to increase in numbers, by introducing the linen trade into the parts bordering upon Ulster; though its capital is declining, and its most fertile parts, like those of Munster, are verging to depopulation.

JOURNEY

JOURNEY THE FIRST:

THROUGH THE

South-East Part of this Kingdom.

HA V I N G examined the principal places in Dublin, I proceeded to Stillorgan park, where there is a square obelisk of stone, upwards of a hundred feet in height, placed on a rustic base, to each side of which is a double stair-case leading to a platform, which encompasses the obelisk, and from whence is a fine view of the bay of Dublin, and Irish channel; from hence the hill of Howth, on the opposite shore, appears like the rock of Gibraltar. This park is but three miles from Dublin. From thence I visited the Cromlech, near Bryanston, by some supposed to have been an altar, by others a grave of the Druids; it consists of six stones placed upright, and another laid on the top of them: this last is fourteen feet long, twelve broad, and from two to five thick; by the specific gravity of like solids, it is computed to weigh upwards of twenty six tons. There are many of these in various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales. From Bryanston, I proceeded at seven miles from Dublin, through Laughlinstown, to Bray, a small town on the Irish channel, ten miles from Dublin, where is a point of land known by the name of Bray Head. From thence turning to the right, went to Powerscourt in the county Wicklow, thirteen miles from

from Dublin; in my road thither about six miles from Dublin, a road leads through a chasm cut through a rock, named the Scalp, which consists of heaps of stones of enormous sizes, forming one of the most striking natural objects in the kingdom. In the park at Powerscourt is a natural cascade, one of the greatest beauties of its kind; which, from its peculiarity of situation, and singular beauty, deserves the following most particular description: It is situated at the very bottom of a lofty semicircular wooded hill, of a considerable height, into which, after a most agreeable ride through a park well planted with wood, you enter, by a sudden turn round the extremity of one of the curvatures, and at once unexpectedly get into the midst of a most entertaining scenery of lofty slopes on either hand, verdant from top to bottom, with trees of every kind.

The distant view of this water-fall, at first entering within the scope of the surrounding verdant hills, is inexpressibly fine.

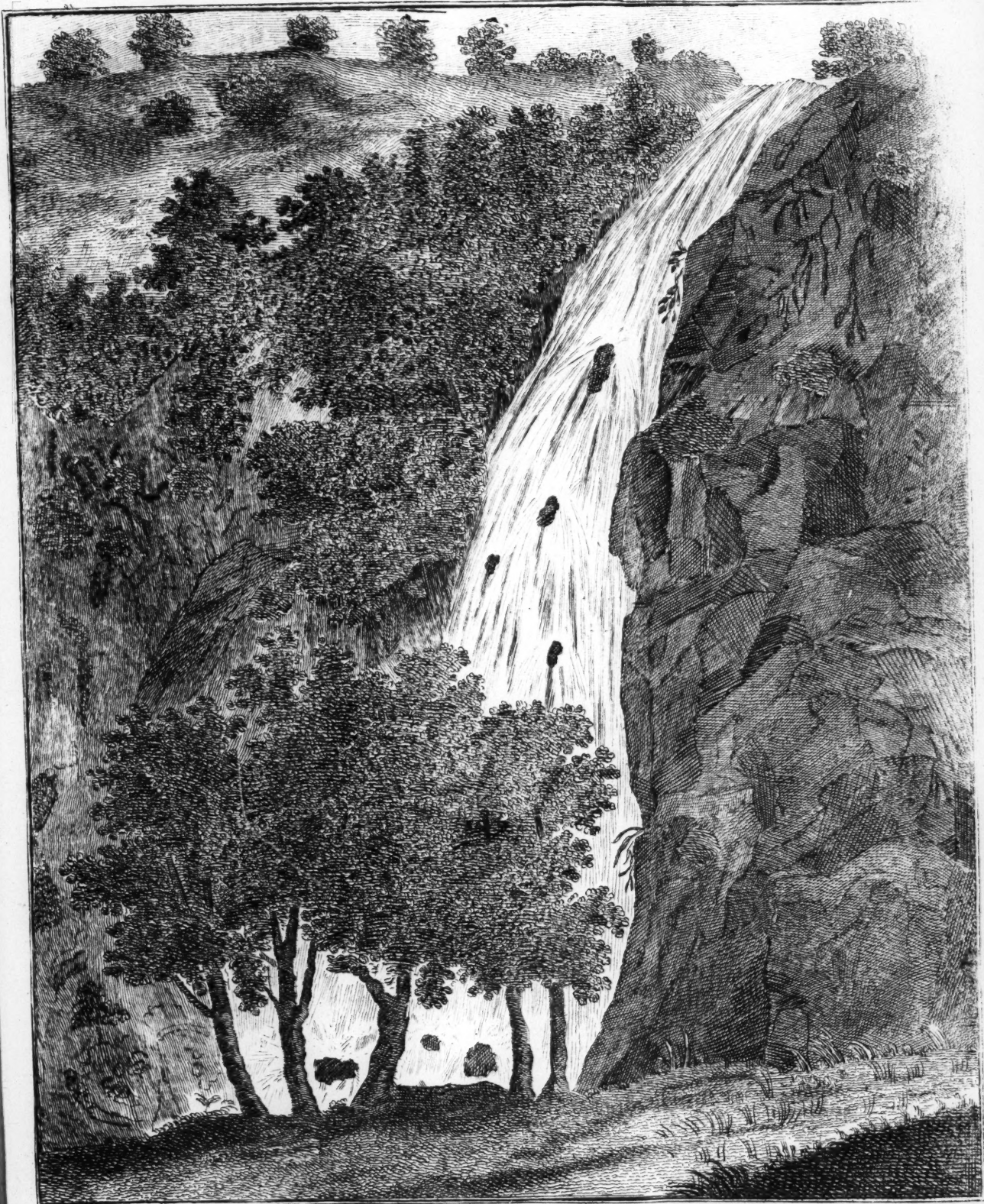
At the very bottom of this sylvan amphitheatre, and in view from your first entrance into it, is seen one of the most beautiful water-falls in Great-Britain. It is produced by a small river that rises on the plains or shallow vallies, on the top of an adjacent range of mountains above, which have no other out-let for the waters, that from the springs and rains are collected in these little vallies, but by a descent to the edge of this precipice; where in the horizontal distance of fifty or sixty feet, it falls at least three hundred; upwards of two hundred feet of it is visible on the plain below, and is nearly perpendicular, or not above nine or ten feet from the direct. The effect of this small degree of obliquity is extremely

ly fine, for besides the greater quantity of the water that from one small break, or projection, to another, is thrown off the rock in beautiful curves, it produces an infinite number of frothy streaks behind the larger sheets of water, which, through the divisions of these more considerable and impetuous falls, are seen running down the rock, in a thousand different and broken directions, at a slower rate, from their adhesion to the rocks. The general form and composition of this precipice, contributes infinitely to the variety and beauty of the fall; for it is composed, not of horizontal strata, but all in a position oblique, and the degrees of this obliquity being various in the different strata, produce an infinite variety of arching curvatures in the fall, by the dashing of the water against these little projections of the rocks, and occasions those breaks or divisions of the more impetuous falling sheets of water, through which are discovered the slower trickling streams running in ten thousand various and mingled directions down the very sides of the precipice. These little frothy streams trickling down the sides or front of the rocks, have a most pleasing and entertaining effect, and delightfully diversify the scene.

The only time to see this most beautiful and astonishing water-fall in its highest perfection, is immediately after heavy rains on the mountains above, which add greatly to the confluent springs that rise on the plains or shallows on the top of these mountains: on such increase of the waters, nothing of the kind can exceed the beauty, the almost terrific grandeur of the fall; add to this account the enormous pieces of rock that lay at the bottom, just under the fall, upon which the torrent or cataract most impetuously dashes,
and

and fly off in a thousand different directions, exhibiting, likewise, in the morning, with the sun in the east shining full upon it, most curious and beautiful representations of the rainbow, on the spray that rises in the air, from the dashing of the water against the rocks at bottom, and the whole together presents such a scene, as at once possesses the mind of the curious spectator with astonishment, mixed with the highest admiration. I assure you there is no heightening or exaggeration in this description; for the subject will not admit of it. The highest description must fall short of the beauty of the original, and of the conceptions of the delighted spectator on the spot, if it is visited under the advantages I have recommended from my own observation, viz. in a very wet time, or just after heavy rains on the mountains above, though there is a continual fall supplied from the springs.

The trees which grow from the bottom to the top of the hill, on the sides of this prodigious water-fall, are an inexpressible addition to the beauty of the scene, especially at the distance of an hundred yards from the fall, and whoever will undertake the most laborious task, indeed, of climbing the hill, from tree to tree, to view the river at the top, before it comes to the precipice, will have their curiosity amply rewarded, by viewing the many breaks and little falls, of several feet, that it makes from the place where its descent first becomes steep, towards the edge of the precipice. Its winding, hollow, and intricate passage through the rocks, in some places open, in others almost concealed from the projecting strata of the rocks on either side its broken channel; the beautiful prospect likewise from



POWERSCOURT WATERFALL

from the top of the fall, of the lawns below, and the surrounding verdant slope of the hills, on either hand; (the reserved prospect of this beautiful sylvan amphitheatre as taken from below) the contracted area of the bottom of which, now seen as in perspective, will, altogether, furnish such entertainment for their curiosity, as will well reward them for their no small toil and labour, I assure you, in the acquisition.

The whole scenery, indeed, above and below, is the most extraordinary and entertaining, in its kind, I have ever met with; infinitely superior, indeed, to adequate description, and justly deserving the notice of every admirer of natural curiosities.

I cannot omit the mentioning an unexpected piece of entertainment in our way to this grand water-fall, as it alleviated an incidental inconvenience in our ride to it, and to which inconvenience, indeed, we were indebted for it. Though the weather was tolerable good on our leaving Dublin, yet by that time we had rode a mile or two, it began to rain, and continued till we came within half an hour's ride to the fall, when it cleared up, and presented to our view one of the most astonishing cascades that nature ever exhibited, from nearly the top to the bottom of one of the highest range of mountains in Ireland. From the height of its descent it could not be less than six or seven hundred yards in view, occasioned by a sudden torrent of rain on the mountains, what in the country they call, and very properly, a mountain flood; which, as it suddenly falls, it soon runs away, for the next day we saw nothing but the channel down which it had descended.

There was something inexpressibly grand and striking in the prospect of this cascade, at the distance of about a mile, which was the nearest view we had of it, and we thought ourselves sufficiently recompenced for the inconvenience of riding a few miles with a wet coat. This is perfectly agreeable to the common course of events in human life, in which the highest enjoyments are generally attended with more or less of difficulty or inconvenience in the acquisition. To apply this remark, it is certain that those who prefer a dry coat to the gratifying their curiosity, will have but little chance for seeing one of the greatest beauties in the world of its kind, in the highest perfection, *The Fall of Powerscourt*.

For the entertainment of foreigners, as well as the people of Ireland, the noble owner has had a broad road made from his seat at Powerscourt to the water-fall, (in as direct a line as the ground will admit,) by demolishing useless underwoods, and leaving clumps of fine old trees at proper distances. Drains are also cut through the lowlands from the park to the water-fall; near which is a fine octagon room, of twenty-five feet in diameter, and fifteen high, built with brick, plastered and rough-cast on the outside: The floor is mosaic work of different colours, the ceiling stucco, and the roof covered with straw. This elegant room is so contrived, that there may be five openings at once, or any less number, having windows arched to fill up these vacancies from top to bottom, and doors for the same if necessary; both which, by springs, fly up and down with the greater expedition. Within a few yards of this octagon, there is a very neat kitchen of twelve feet square, furnished with every convenience for dressing victuals: and, what is worthy notice,

notice, the time from laying the foundations to compleating these buildings, did not exceed five weeks. His lordship has also erected a wooden bridge over the river near these buildings, and from the park to the Dark-Glyn, which is about three miles, very fine roads are made to come at this beauty of nature, and which hath given the public an opportunity of viewing, in different prospects, the most delightful romantic, and surprising landscapes in the world, which would have been imperceptible to all human sight, and even thought, had it not been for these improvements. Circular stairs, alcoves, chairs, and tables, are placed, at proper distances, in meandering walks, with every convenience for the curious and fatigued traveller. On the side of a hill, is an hexagon pavilion, of about seventeen feet in diameter, floored with red tiles, the roof covered with straw, supported by six pillars of the bodies of grown trees, incased with their natural bark; two sides of this apartment are lined with moss, and the other four open, from whence there are many rich and delightful prospects. Next to the moss in this rustic building are placed benches to sit on, chairs in other parts, and a table in the centre, to rest the weary, and regale those who bring their food with them.

Music has wonderful effects in this Glyn, the symphony of flutes, violins, and voices, lull the soul to softness and repose, while the clangor of trumpets, drums, and horns, rouse the spirits to martial ardour and courage. It would be doing injustice to the noble proprietor of this place, should we omit to mention, that he has caused an excellent inn to be built at Tynehinch, near the Glyn, for the accommodation of travellers, and which is situated in a pleasing vale, affording se-

veral fine prospects. There are also two other inns in the neighbourhood, one at Loughlinstown, and the other at Bray, where travellers may be assured of meeting with good entertainment.

In many parts of these complicated varieties of improved nature, are circular and winding paths, leading to the bottom, where the astonished beholder looks, with a kind of horrible delight, at massive stones, and broken crags, piled one upon the other, and overhanging brows that seem to menace the spectators below. On the sides of these hills are seen cattle of every kind grazing, or sportively frisking, particularly goats and kids on the most rugged precipices.

The country about Powerscourt, especially that spot which is called the Glyn of the Dargles, is beautiful beyond description, and may justly vie with any part of Italy; it is a deep and narrow valley of a mile in length, much visited in the summer time by the gentry from Dublin, and most of the people of fortune that come to this city. It is equal, if not superior, to any of the kind in the kingdom, one of the deepest, and at the same time the narrowest, and most irriguous valleys, I remember to have seen. The sides of the hills which skirt it, are most gracefully ornamented with trees, even to the very tops, and intermixed, as they are, with rocky precipices, added to the murmuring of a little river at the bottom, that winds its way through this intricate valley, over numberless little breaks and falls, that greatly beautify the scene; altogether, it affords a most pleasing summer recreation.

The closeness of the lofty shading hills on the sides, at the same time that they afford a most delightful

lightful cool retreat from the heat of the sun, throw a kind of gloomy solemnity on the bottom of this deep valley, and from this circumstance it is very properly called the Dark Glyn.—It is rather a deep chasm, indeed, than a valley, through a lofty range of hills, which, at this place, are contracted to about an English mile, the length nearly of this glyn or chasm through the hills.—At the very bottom of this glyn is a way cut out by the side of the stream, in a taste adapted to the gloomy retirement of the place, where the lover, the poet, or philosopher, may wander with every circumstance, every scene, about him, calculated to warm his imagination, or produce the most serious reflections.

There is another of much greater extent than this in the neighbourhood, called the Glyn of the mountains, which deserves our notice, and a mountainous glyn it is, indeed; the bottom of which is just wide enough for a road and a river that run through it.—It is impossible to express the beauty and grandeur which the curious spectator is impressed within a ride through this immensely deep, but more open and spacious valley, which is skirted on either hand with the most enormous astonishing mountains, that slope immediately down upon this road for about two English miles, passing through it, which for the most part are covered with trees from their bottoms to the very tops, or presenting a prospect of the most horrible impending precipices, that from their terrifying height, and broken ruins at the bottom, appear to threaten him with destruction.—There is something really inexpressibly striking in this scene, even at first entrance. I never rode through a valley where there was such a mixture of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity,

limity, if you will allow me the use of the expression here, and of something really awful, as is exhibited in this most enormous Glyn of the Mountains.

A river, likewise, as observed above, runs through this valley close to the road at the foot of the mountains; and from the number of breaks and falls in it, occasioned by the stones and rocks that are frequently rolling from the mountains down into it, adds extremely to the pleasure of a ride through this most striking and entertaining scene: and indeed this part of the county may be justly termed the garden of Ireland.

A few miles South from it is a striking contrast: a square tract of ground, each side of which is no less than eight miles, and consequently contains 64, consisting wholly of barren mountains and bogs, totally uninhabited. In the midst of these are the ruins of seven churches called Glandilough, with an ancient round tower of fifteen feet in diameter, the top of which is in ruins; and a plain cross, of a single stone, twelve feet high, and two in thickness. These stand near the centre of this barren spot; and I believe such another desert as this, within thirteen miles of the capital of a kingdom, is not to be found in Europe. Four hundred acres are here let for a guinea annually. About two miles distant on the east is Sugar-loaf-hill, from whence is a beautiful and extensive prospect in every point of view.

From Powerscourt I returned into the main road, and proceeded through Kilcool, to Newcastle, thirteen miles from Dublin.

This

This town is situated on the top of a hill near the Irish Channel, from whence may be seen those shelves of sand along the coast called the Grounds or Rath Down, which appear dry even at high-water, yet between them and the shore the water is seven fathom deep. I went on from thence five miles to Wicklow, twenty three miles from Dublin, the shire and chief town of the county, which has a narrow haven at the mouth of the river Leirim, fit only for small vessels which carry provisions to the capital, and that indeed is its chief trade. Here are the remains of a castle surrounded by a wall, and very few buildings. It has barracks for three companies of soldiers, and remarkable for the best ale in Ireland; about a mile and a half on the east is a point of land called Wicklow-head. From Wicklow I proceeded twelve miles southward, with the Irish Channel close on the left, with the sands of North Down a little way off shore, to Arklow, on the river Oroca, a pretty market town, near the Irish Channel, where are the ruins of a castle of the late earls of Ormond. Here are barracks for two companies of foot. About seven miles westward of this town, on the banks of the river, are the mines, and copper springs, which originate among hills that rise to the height of small mountains. The mine, which was formerly wrought, is that of Ballymurtoth, on the south bank of the river. It yielded vast profit, but, on account of a dissention among the proprietors, it had been disused for some years; which occasioned other adventurers to sink a shaft at Crone-bawn, on the north side of the river, which proved far richer than the former. Of which the following account was published in the Philosophical Transactions, Vols. 47 and 48, in 1754.

Crone-

Crone-bawn is an hill of two miles in circumference, and about 1000 feet in height, swelling regularly in form of an inverted bowl; the bowls of this hill are, on all sides full of rich mines, but the principal works lie on the east side about half way up the hill, where are several shafts sunk from 50 to 70 fathoms deep. In sinking these shafts, the first mineral met with is an iron stone; beneath this, they arrive at a lead ore, which seems mixed with clay, yet yields a large quantity of lead, and some silver. Underneath this lies a rich rocky silver ore, which sparkles brightly, and yields seventy-five ounces of pure silver out of one ton of ore, besides a great quantity of fine lead. Having pierced some fathoms through this, they arrive at the copper ore, which is very rich and may be pursued to a vast depth. There are 500 men employed in these mines. Having enquired how the men could live in them I found that they enjoyed their healths very well, and that there was a particular quality in the copper water, which healed immediately all sores in their skin or flesh. In order to carry off the water from the mines, there are levels conducted on a great way under-ground to the lower part of the hill. Out of these levels issue large streams of water, most strongly impregnated with copper.

An accidental discovery, which happened, is likely to make these streams more beneficial than all the rest of the mines: some of the workmen having left an iron shovel in the stream, found it some weeks after incrustated with copper, in so much that they thought it converted into that metal. This gave the hint of laying bars of iron in these waters, for transmuting them into copper;

copper; the process of which the curious may find recorded in the Philosophical Transactions.

This spring, perhaps, is as remarkable for its medicinal, as its metallic qualities. Though physicians generally reckon, that copper, when taken internally, is poisonous, yet the miners, and others persons, drink this water frequently, without any fatal consequences. It purges and vomits severely, and is become their specific in several diseases, particularly in cutaneous eruptions, arising either from an alkaline acrimony in the blood, which stimulates the sensible extremities of the cutaneous arteries, and occasions a pustule, or from the irritation of insects lodged in the skin; both which causes may be removed by the strong acid contained in this water. It is an excellent detergent for scorbutic ulcers, and has already performed several remarkable cures of this kind.—Having thoroughly satisfied my curiosity at Crone-bawn, I returned to Arklow, and proceeding through Fort Chester, and Tarragh Hill on the left, near the coast, I arrived at Gorey, or Newborough, a borough town 42 miles from Dublin, situated about a mile from the Irish Channel, but has nothing worthy the observation of a traveller. From thence the sand bank, called the Middle Down, is visible even at high-water. Advancing farther southward, and leaving the left hand road, I passed to Ferns, where are the ruins of a castle formerly intended for its defence, built by the Fitzgeralds. It is the see of a bishop, united to Leighlin. The antiquity of this place is great, yet there are but few appearances of it. It is situated on a small river called the Ban, that runs into the Slane, after a short course of about five miles, which accompanied me to Enniscorthy. The road to this place

is very pleasant, the river Slane joining company with us sometimes, then leaving us to run before, and meet us again. By the way we saw several old castles. This place is a pleasant town, with a stone bridge that crosses the river Slane. This stream takes its rise in the county Wicklow, which, with a train of auxiliary brooks, after a course of thirty miles, runs down to Wexford. The houses are most of them neat, and some of them very finely built. There is an old ruined castle near the bridge, a neat market-house, and an assembly-house. From hence I proceeded to Wexford-ferry, where I crossed the mouth of the river Slane, to the town of Wexford, to the left of which is Wexford Bay.

Wexford is the capital of a county of the same name. It is built near the sea, upon the river Slane, that empties itself into the ocean here. It was called by the Danes that built it Wexford, and was formerly a place of much better trade than at present. The first forces from England that attempted the conquest of this kingdom landed here, (encouraged by king Dermot) a year before the earl of Pembroke. They were led by Robert Fitz-Stephens and Maurice Fitz-Gerald. The former built a castle two miles from the town, called Karrick, which he fortified with the utmost art of those times; but the people of Wexford, not brooking such a neighbour, got him into their power by a stratagem, then confined him and most of his followers in prison, till on the arrival of king Henry II. the inhabitants brought Fitz-Stephens to Waterford, where they delivered him to that monarch, and at the same time submitted as subjects of England. Fitz-Stephens was appointed governor of the town and the district round it, which in a few years

years encreased so much with English inhabitants, daily arriving here, that in some time they spread all over the country, where they still remain, and are famed for the best improvements in the kingdom.

From this town king Henry embarked for England, after receiving homage from most of the kings and princes of the nation. Here was the ceremony of the first English marriage performed, between Raymond, (afterwards vice-roy of Ireland) and the lady Basil, sister to Strongbow, earl of Pembroke; and it was the second town Cromwell besieged, or that had the courage to oppose him.

It is seated in a bottom; though where the castle stands is a rocky high hill, which overlooks the sea, and commands the port and town. There are several parts of the walls standing, which are very thick. The gates yet remain, and it contains some handsome buildings. Near one of the gates is a small structure that covers a mineral well, which they call a spaw; but the appearance of the water is not very inviting, as it is covered with an oily scum, but it has many virtues attributed to it, and is frequented by invalids, though not so much as formerly. At the end of the town are barracks for soldiers, formed out of the old castle, which yield a fine prospect of the harbour. Most of the old buildings are built with stone, of a reddish hue. The church is in the main street, of a modern taste, though partly built on the old foundation. The town consists of one long street with a few lanes on each side. There are several ruins of ancient abbeys, and religious houses interspersed. The market-house is a very neat building of modern structure. The

custom house, of modern date too, not spacious, but handsome enough. The quay, like their trade, is not very extensive. Their chief dealing lies in corn, and that mostly barley.

The haven is very large, but the entrance is defended by two narrow necks of land, each forming an isthmus that stretch forward to meet the other, leaving an opening of about half a mile. At the extremity of each is a fort; that towards Dublin called Fort Marget, the other Fort Roselair.

From Wexford I proceeded through Taghmon, Clomines, and Barrow, to Duncannon Fort. This fort commands the harbour of Waterford. There are upwards of thirty cannon planted in three tier, or ranges. Those next the water are of a large size, and all in good order. Without the fort is a mean street, mostly consisting of poor cabbins. You enter the fort over a draw-bridge, which is drawn up at night. The governor's house and chapel are small, but neat. The barracks are well built. These buildings are surrounded with a strong wall, built upon the flat of a high rock that overlooks the sea. There is a perpetuity of land, granted by Queen Elizabeth to keep this fortress in repair. From thence there is a very indifferent road for this country to Ross. This Road I avoided, and crossed the harbour to Passage Fort, another defence, on the western side of the Suire, when I entered the province of Munster and county of Waterford, and quitted the province of Leinster. From passage Fort I proceeded to Waterford city, which stands on the south side of the Suire, a broad and rapid river without any bridge, and about four miles and a half from its junction with the Nure and

and Barrow, all which together form the harbour. This city is about eight miles from the sea, and is a most convenient port for traffic to Bristol, by navigating with a due westerly wind without any variation. The harbour runs almost twelve miles up the country, nearly in a strait line, all the way deep and clear, being seventy-five miles by land from Dublin, and fifty-six from Cork; and the city has been, till Cork in part outstripped it, reckoned the second in the kingdom for wealth and number of inhabitants, as it still is for extent of ground. It was originally built in 879, but destroyed in 981. Its form then was triangular, with a strong tower at each of the triangles. The first of these was called Reginald's Tower, from the name of its founder, and is now commonly called the Ring-tower. From this tower the city wall ran westerly, to the corner of Baron-strand-street, where anciently stood another tower, called Turgesius's, now entirely destroyed. That part of the wall which formed the second side of the triangle, is very difficult to trace; however, there are still some remains of it, and parts of the foundation, discovered by accident, shew that it ran southerly from Turgesius's Tower to St. Martin's Castle, bending to the west of the Black-friars, and proceeding to east end of the Blue-boys school; from thence, by the back of Broad-street, it crossed Peter-street, a little behind the City Court-house, and proceeded in a direct line to the east of the Blue-girls school, in Lady-lane; where it joined St. Martin's Castle. From thence the wall extended to Ring-tower. This part of the wall is still existing. The area of the city then contained about fifteen statute acres. In 1171, Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, got possession of it, after a vigorous resistance, when it was considerably enlarged

larged, and a new wall added to the former. It was still further enlarged in the reign of Henry VII. when most of the old walls were repaired, and at the same time several considerable privileges granted the citizens. Richard II. of England, landed and was crowned here in 1399. Reginald's, or Ring's Tower, still remains. Strongbow made use of it as a prison for the chiefs of the Irish and Danes. It is now in the possession of the store-keeper of Duncannon Fort, and used as a magazine. In 1690 James II. embarked from hence for France, after the Battle of the Boyne. King William resided in it twice, and confirmed its privileges. It has five gates. This city is the see of a bishop, lately enjoyed by the venerable Dr. Richard Chenevix, whose conduct justly entitled him to the epithet of the Good Bishop of Waterford. He greatly embellished the cathedral, which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and commonly called Christ-Church; it consists of a large nave, the choir, and two lateral isles; and at the back of the altar is Trinity parish Church. On the south side of the nave is the bishop's consistory court, or St. Saviour's chapel; on the north side is another chapel; and on the south of Trinity parish church is the vestry, or chapel of St. Nicholas. The nave, from the west end to the entrance of the choir, is about forty-five feet long, and its breadth sixty-six feet. The roof is supported by large Gothic columns and arches. On one of the columns is a monument erected in 1545, which was much defaced by some of Cromwell's soldiers. The choir from the entrance to the rail of the altar is sixty-six feet long. The altar is modern and elegant. There are several antient monuments about the church, as well as modern ones, among the latter is one erected by the Fitz-Geralds, very elegant, sixteen feet high, and nine broad.

Besides

Besides the cathedral there are but two churches in the city where divine service is performed, and those are St. Patrick's and St. Olave's; the churches of St. John, St. Stephen, St. Peter, and St. Michael, are gone to decay. Trinity parish church is disused. There are other ancient places of worship, as Lady's chapel, St. Thomas's chapel, Magdalen's chapel, and St. Bridget's chapel.

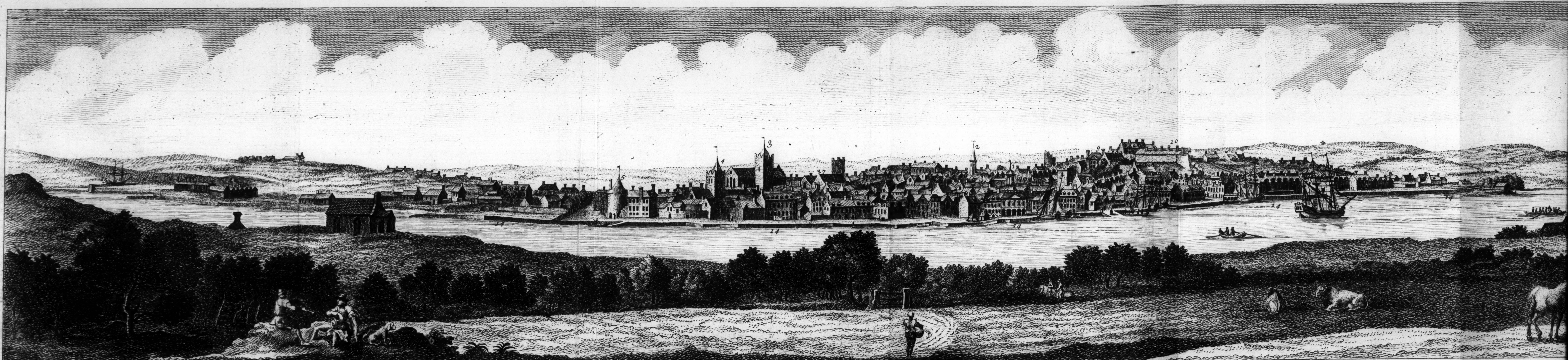
St. Olave's is near the cathedral, and was rebuilt in 1734, quite plain without, and very near within, as well as the altar, pews, &c.

St. Patrick's is at the west end of the town, on a rising ground, a plain building. Besides these places of worship there are, one French church for reformed Protestants; one Presbyterian, one Quakers, one Anabaptist meeting-house, and four mass-houses. The abbey of St. Saviour is the present County Court house, and the steeple is a very strong building. The French church is part of the old abbey, or Holy Ghost friary, the steeple of which is entire, as well as several other parts of the building, now converted to warehouses, &c. In one of the vaults are several ancient tombstones, over which is the Holy Ghost hospital; in which is a chapel now used by the Catholics for mass, and twenty-five poor widows of the Popish religion are maintained in this hospital, which was re-built in 1718. Besides this charity, there is a leper house or infirmary for accommodating forty poor sick and wounded persons. Opposite the cathedral is the Widow's apartment, erected in 1702 for ten Widows of poor clergymen, a plain large brick building. The bishop's palace is a fine building of stone,
with

with two fronts, which, during the life-time of its late possessor, was rendered the seat of happiness, the receptacle of the indigent, and the asylum of the fatherless and oppressed. Indeed it might with great propriety have been called the house of the good Samaritan. The City Court-house, or Guild-hall in Broad-street is a handsome building. The front of the building being supported by a range of columns of the Tuscan order, serves for a corn-market; and the inner part for a court-house. Over the judges seat is a very ancient painting of Justice and Judgment, under which is a very tedious Latin inscription in Saxon characters.

The exchange and Custom-house, most charmingly situated on the quay, are both neat and convenient; as is the Fish-house, also situated on the quay, a more modern building. The city goal is a good strong stone building. There are three good charity schools, and many handsome private buildings, among which the most elegant is the beautiful improvement of the late alderman Barker, situated in King's-street. Facing the bishop's palace is a beautiful walk called the Mall, two hundred yards long, and proportionally broad. The quay, which is above half a mile in length, and of considerable breadth, is not inferior to any in Europe; to it the largest trading vessels may conveniently come up, both to load and unload; and at a small distance opposite to it, may lie constantly afloat. The whole is fronted with hewn stone, well paved, and in some places is forty feet wide. To it are built five moles or piers, which stretch forward into the river; at the pier heads ships of five hundred tons may load and unload, and lie afloat.

The

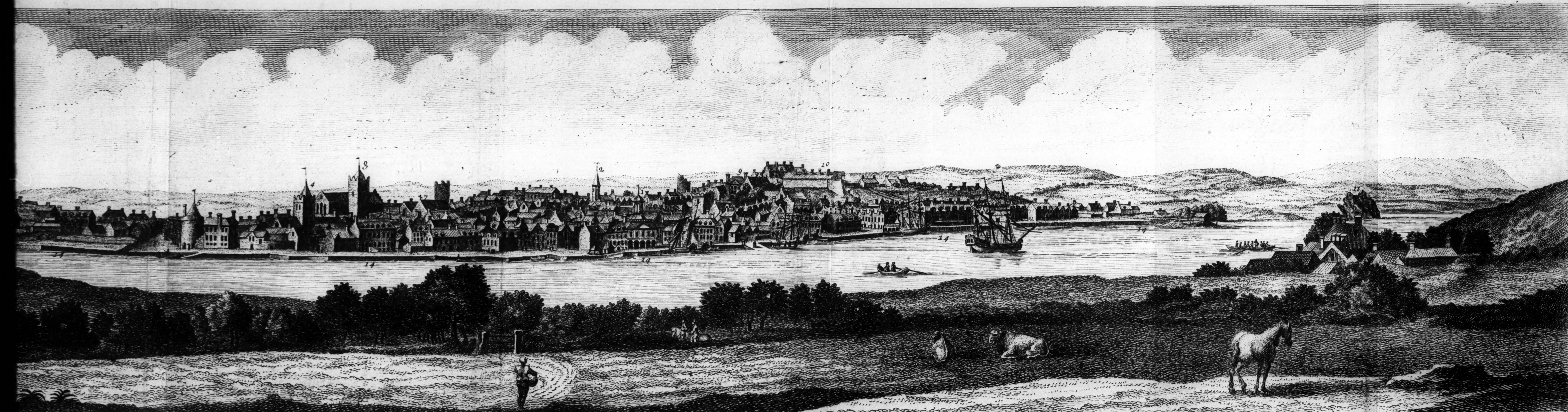


Antho. Chearnleygen Burnt Court Delin.
 1. the Exchange 4. the French Church. 7. S.^t Olaves.
 2. the Tholsel. 5. the Ring Tower. 8. Custom House.
 3. the Cathedral. 6. the Mall. 9. Patricks Gate.

*To the Gent.ⁿ of the Common Council
 this South Prospect of that City*



*of the City of WATERFORD
 is humbly Presented by their most Obedient hum^{ble} Ser.^t Ch.^s*



To the Gent.ⁿ of the Common Council
this South Prospect of that City



of the City of **WATERFORD**
is humbly Presented by their most Obedient hum^{ble} Ser.^t Ch: Smith.

Giles King Londin^e Sculp^t Dublin
10. the Barracks. 13. St. Patrick's.
11. Bilberry Rock. 14. the Key.
12. Sugar House. 15. M^c Congreiv's Dry Dock.

The barracks here are handsome and large, and the city is a third part enlarged within a few years.

From Waterford, I proposed to return again to Dublin by a different rout, in order to visit some of the inland towns, and accordingly we took boat and went over to Ross, and from thence to Old Ross, about three miles further east, in Wexford county, expecting to find something worthy observation, but were disappointed. There are some remains of an old abbey, where we were told, a Danish king lies entombed, supposed to be the founder of it. There are a few poor huts about the place, and, by the materials of their buildings, we may suppose huddled together from the ruins of the abbey, &c. so we returned to New Ross, by some falsely called Ross Pontus; for I could not learn there ever was a bridge there. It lies in a bottom, with high hills behind it. The church, which is a large old building, is upon one of them, and the ascent to it difficult and tiresome. This place is one of the staple ports for exporting wool; but it looks as if it had but a very little trade; and though it is called New Ross, its countenance has the marks of venerable age. It lies along the river Barrow, which is here so deep, that ships of burden may lie close to the quay, as at Waterford, even when the tide is out. The quay is but small; but as well as the custom-house, large enough for its trade. Some of the buildings are like those of Chester, with shops ascended by steps, which renders them close and dark. There is a conduit of water in the town, which supplies it, drawn out by several cocks.

Over against Ross, on the other side, where we ferry across to the county of Kilkenny, there is a place called Ross Ibarcan: It consists but of a few cabins, which are covered by several high trees, that give a pleasing prospect to the eye.

Ross was accounted a very strong town when Oliver besieged it. The ruins of the walls of Ross are still remaining. This place was not, above two centuries since, a bishoprick; but united to Cork by queen Elizabeth in 1586. The town is governed by a sovereign. Hops flourish here.

Leaving New Ross, which is but fourteen miles west from Wexford, we passed on the east bank of the river Barrow, to St. Mullin, or St. Molign, or Teghmolin, in the most southern point of the county of Carlow, a place famous for its large ruined abbey, built about 634, whose founder was buried there, and gave name to the structure. It was the burial place of the Cavanaghs, the ancient kings of Leinster, and is still so of their descendants. Near it is a small Protestant church, which, though small, is too large for its congregation. From thence we proceeded to Graignemana, an old ruined place on the west side of the river Barrow, in the county of Kilkenny, on the east of which, in Carlow county, are the Black Stairs mountains. At Graignemana is a good bridge over the Barrow, where the tide flows up, notwithstanding it is about twenty miles from the sea. Here are the ruins of a fine abbey, the octagon tower of which fell down in 1744, an event to be regretted, because it was one of the most beautiful religious structures in the kingdom. The embellishments of this abbey are curious, and the building was formerly of a large

large extent. It grieved me to reflect that so fine a structure as this must have been, should be suffered to moulder away in ruins, when a very trifling expense, in seasonable repairs, would have rendered it of a much greater duration. Again crossing the Barrow, we jogged on to Burris, or Borris, a small town in Carlow county, situated on a branch of the Barrow, over which it has a bridge. Here is a noble seat belonging to the family of Cavanagh, which possesses an extensive park, surrounded by a wall, ten feet high. Another branch of this family enjoys a fine seat at Rock Savage, between this and Tullow. In proceeding from hence, about six miles north west, is a little Protestant town, called Kill-Edmun, with a neat church, built by the late Mr. Bagnall, of Dunlany, whose virtuous intention merits unfeigned thanks from the public. This place is traversed by a small, but rapid river, which descending from Mount Leinster, empties itself into the Barrow, near Borris, after a course of about six miles. From Kill-Edmun, we proceeded to Marli, a gentleman's seat, near Mount Leinster. It was named after that in France, and is elegantly, as well as conveniently designed, and executed. The soil of this part does not promise much; but the hospitable tables of the inhabitants are furnished with the utmost plenty and elegance. Their principal joy consists in entertaining those who visit them. As soon as any company come to their houses, word is sent to most of their relations, who join and make the sweetest concord in the world. After two or three days spent in innocent pleasure, you are all invited to another gentleman's, with the same agreeable round of mirth; and so on till you have gone through the whole race. The day of parting is the only day of grief or discontent.

This is the end and manner of what is called Coshering, so much mistaken by several authors.

While we were here, we went up to the steep mountain, called Mount-Leinster, of a difficult ascent, by a troublesome passage (but got without a guide); and yet gentlemen that delight in hunting, they say, venture up and down on horseback; but they must have stronger stomachs to digest that sort of recreation, than any in our company; for I should think the attempt might hazard their necks. There are plenty of game when you have gained the summit, as grouse, hares and foxes. Upon the top of this mountain (one of the highest in the kingdom) is a well, which no fathom-line can reach the bottom of: a gentleman in our company told us, that six hundred fathom had been tried, with six pounds weight of lead, to no purpose; but I am apt to think that so much line, with its own weight, when fully soaked in the water, though the lead subsides at the bottom, will sink with a velocity that might deceive one's judgment in plumbing the depth of the well: however we made no experiment that way. We threw several stones down the mouth, which striking against the sides as they descended, made a noise at first like thunder, and by degrees died away. The water of this well, they say is an antidote against scorbutic and scrophulous humours; and we saw a person that had been cured of the king's-evil, by drinking and washing with this water.

About six miles to the west of this mountain is a round church called Drimesen, much esteemed by the Roman catholics, where there were many habitations so late as James II's reign; but the inhabitants removed from thence (for what reason we

we were not told.) Wherever any of that race expire, they leave it in their wills, that they shall be buried in Drimesen church-yard; and some corps have been brought seventy miles to be interred here. On Easter-Monday there is a grand Patron held here, where several from remote parts of the kingdom repair, to pray for the souls of their deceased friends; then proceed to their usual mirth and drinking; and very seldom part without blows.

The kings of Leinster had three castles, or places of residence near this great ridge of mountains; the first, Cloghamon, near the river Cloady, in Wexford county, that rises from the hills, and falls into the Slaney at Bonecloudy, a poor market-town, which has nothing of note about it, but the ruined castle of Cloghamon; the second, another large ruin, called Gary-hill, near the above-mentioned church of Drimesen; the third called Bally-laughan. Both the latter are near Leighlin-bridge, in Carlow county.

Within a mile of this third castle is a poor place called Lowram, with as poor a church; and yet on the 18th of April are great doings here, in honour of St. Lazarianus, one of the first founders of the cathedral at Old Leighlin, who was buried here.

From Mount Leinster we proceeded to Bonecloudy just before mentioned, and from thence to taste the waters at Spaw-well, as it is called, and a doctor of physick assured us it had all the virtues of those in Germany, but not in taste.

When we left this well, we went to a little town

town called Clonegall, on the river Slaney, and from thence to Tullough, or Tullow. This town is pleasantly seated on the river Slaney, with a bridge of six arches, at the foot of which we found the ruins of an Augustine monastery, where some of that order still remain, and, as we were informed, privately celebrate mass in their proper habits. Here is a small church, and a pretty market-house; but we could not see any great appearance of trade in the town, except garters, for which they are famous. The castle is now part of the barracks, or rather the barracks part of the castle. It was in Oliver's time a strong place, commanded by colonel Butler; but Oliver, whom few places could withstand, took it with great slaughter of the Irish. Others affirm, that Oliver, with his troops, was at a castle called Downan, about a mile from Tullough, on the river Slaney, and that Butler marched to attack him there, but was defeated. Be it as it will, Oliver demolished both, and both now remain in ruins. About two miles from this place, we passed a very pleasant seat called Paulville; in our last day's journey we stopped to view the ruins of a spacious building, (the walls of which are still standing) which goes by the name of Bally-William-Roe, and was built by the knights-templars, about the year 1300. Their first institution was begun at Jerusalem, where they had an hospital to live in, in order to defend the sepulchre of our Saviour; but in time they spread themselves into all the Christian parts of the world. You may see several of their monuments in your Temple church in London, in armour, with their swords drawn and extended by their sides on the ground, that church being built by them. By donations their endowments were large; but by their affluence they forgot their first noble beginning, and by

by degrees fell so much into vice and rioting, that they became a nuisance every where. In the year 1308, in the reign of Edward II. of England, their institution was broke by a bull from the pope, and the profits of their lands allowed to the knights of Rhodes, or knights Hospitalers. They had not many years gained footing in this kingdom; and we are informed this Bally-William-Roe was their only seat here, which they did not enjoy above eight years before their dissolution. This was of large extent, as appears by the remaining walls, and stands in a fine situation.

From Tullough we kept the direct road to Baltinglass, a small town on the Slaney, in Wicklow county; and from thence visited a place on the left hand, in the road to Kilcullen bridge, called Ballymore-Eustace, a small town on the river Liffy, with a handsome bridge over that river. This town seems very much decayed, though in a very pleasant situation. It was formerly of much larger extent. The chief reason given for its decline, is, that the great southern road, which for ages led through this place, is now turned by the way of Kilcullen-bridge, which has enriched that place, and almost starved this; but it has much bettered the traveller, and shortened the way, as we are informed. Near this town is a fine large common; and it was a very agreeable sight to see so many cattle of different sorts, pleasingly feeding on the sweet grass, as rich as any meadow produces. Here is ground marked out for horse-races. Not far from the town we saw a most beautiful natural cascade, that shamed all the art we had ever seen, formed by a river that rises from the mountains of Wicklow, and falls into the Liffy. Nature has been extravagant in many places in this kingdom that we have seen already,

already, and we are told of many more, that, if it please heaven, we will see. How ill is this noble country represented by ignorant or ungrateful people!

But to return to the before mentioned cascades, for there are several of them: Each forms a little lake, till it makes its way to the next fall, and so on till it pours down into the river below. The river Liffy divides the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. The lands on each side, that border this stream, seem to be fine arable and pasture, and yield a very good prospect.

At Ballymore-Eustace we were entertained with viewing the ruins of a fine old castle, formerly a place of great strength. We were informed it was built by Eustace, the head of an ancient family in this country, from whom the town takes its name of Ballymore-Eustace, that is, the great town of Eustace. Our Irish interpreter tells us, that Bally is Town, and More is Great; but it has lost much of its last epithet; therefore we will set forward. Two miles hence is a beautiful situation, where is a noble house, built, but a few years since, by artificers brought from different parts of Europe, the seat of I. Leason, Esq. From thence we arrived at Blessington, a pleasant place, on a rising ground. The church is very neat, and well kept, with a sweet ring of bells, a thing not very commonly met with in this kingdom. The town is neither large nor rich, but its chief ornament is the seat of a worthy nobleman, that bears the title of lord Blessington, whose house is at the end of an avenue to the left of the road, with a noble large terrace-walk, a quarter of an English mile in length, that leads to the church in
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the town, across the road which faces the house. Behind the house lies a beautiful park, skirted with rising hills. This nobleman's praises fill the mouths of every body. I have more than once told you we may often judge of the master by the servants, which I think almost an infallible observation; for when we expressed a desire of viewing the house, the doors flew open, and the major domo attended to shew us every thing that was curious. The building is formed like a Roman H, not with much ostentation, but elegant, neat, and well furnished. What claimed the chief of our attention was the chapel. You enter the chapel at the end of a spacious hall where the communion-table faces you, railed in with excellent carved ballustrades, and ascended by three marble steps. Under the communion-table is a vault for a repository of the dead of this noble family. On our left hand, as you face the altar, is a bishop's throne, built after a very elegant manner, with a mitre of exquisite carved work. On each side are seats covered with crimson silk curtains, and cushions of the same colour, trimmed with gold lace. The service books, which are of the largest and best sort, are covered with crimson velvet, and imbossed with gold. The floor is of black and white marble; the sides and ceiling finely stucco'd, with basso relievos, and ornamented with gold. This fine chapel was built by Primate Boyle, who built this town, church, and seat, and gave them the ring of bells I mentioned before. There is a monument, on the north side in this church of Blessington, erected to his memory, with the arms of the see of Armagh. The inscription tells you what he did for this place, and concludes with this advice, *Abi & fac tu similiter*, i. e. *Go and do thou the same.*

After viewing the house of the earl of Blessington, the chapel and the church, we mounted and set out for Dublin. We passed several pretty new plantations, which we were informed were a barren heath not long since; but the encouragement the lord before mentioned gives to his poorer tenants, makes them the more industrious, since they work for themselves; so that you now see corn-fields, meadows and pasture, rising out of the bosom of a dreary waste.

We next came to a place called Tallow-Hill, where we employed our eyes a full hour in contemplating as beautiful a prospect as ever nature formed. To the right and left you view a fine country well improved, with variety of old castles, and new seats without number, as far as your eyes can see; before you the fine city of Dublin; farther, a large harbour covered with shipping; beyond that again, a prospect of the open sea; and forward to the left, a neck of land, or isthmus, (for over it we could see the ocean) terminated with a bold front, called the Hill of Hoath. In short, we that never saw it before were ravished with the sight. I own it gave me a peculiar contentment: It looked like rest after fatigue. This glorious prospect is about six miles from Dublin, for here are road-stones marked; but by our telescopes we brought it almost under the bottom of the hill. Riding still on, we came to Tallow, or as it is called in Irish, Taulaght, which gives name to the hill. Here is a fine old seat, but it stands low. It is the country palace of the archbishops of Dublin, and an elegant retirement. The gardens are handsome, and a little river that runs through part of it forms several pleasant canals.

J O U R-

JOURNEY THE SECOND:

THROUGH PART OF THE South, and South West Counties, OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

HAVING repofed myself a few days in Dublin, I fet out on a journey to Cork, and Killylarney; and at the diftance of four miles from the capital, at Clondalkin, a fmall place, I examined one of thofe round towers, for which Ireland is remarkable, of which, as I before obferved, till lately, was one in Ship-ftreet, Dublin, feldom vifited or regarded in the light of an antiquity; and as there are feveral others throughout the kingdom, a defcription of this at Clondalkin will, with little variation, ferve for all of them.

It is eighty-four feet in height, and built of ftones each about a foot fquare, forming a circle of fifteen feet in diameter, the walls are upwards of three feet thick, and at about fifteen feet above the ground is a door, without any fteps to afcend to it; the bafe is folid; towards the top are four

small oblong holes which admit the light, and it is terminated by a conic covering; there are no steps remaining in the inside, so that probably if there have ever been any they were of wood, or some such perishable material.

Some imagine them to have been watch-towers, others bellfries, prisons for penitents, or pillars for the residence of anchorites. Mr. O'Halloran, taking this latter opinion for granted, says, "Since these ancient monuments, from their solidity at this day, appear to have been built with such art and firmness as almost to defy the ravages of time, and that they were the retreats of wretched hermits and pious recluses only, what must not be the care of the people in erecting churches, colleges, and other public works of greater consequence?"

The author of the Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, says, "I cannot help inclining to the opinion of their being bellfries, as their very name in Irish (Cloghand), imports a steeple with a bell; and from the following consideration: Over great part of the east, they have tall round steeples, called Minorets, with balconies at top, whence a person calls the people to worship at stated hours. As the Irish had their arts from Phoenicia, we may suppose from thence also came the model of these towers, which served as the Minorets of the east do at present, till bells came into use; for narrow as they are, (about ten feet in the clear at the base) they might hold a bell large enough to summon the auditory, as effectually as the shouts of a man."

These towers are always situated very near a church;

church; and in the course of this tour, I remarked them in Dublin, Clonsalkin, Swords, Moneerboice, Antrim, Devnish, two near Fermanagh, Kells, Kildare, Kilkenny, Cashel, at Glendilogh near Wicklow, Old Killcullen, and Castle Dermot; at Sligo two; Drumboe, Down Patrick, Cloyne, West-Carbery, Ardmore, Rattoo, one in the island of Scattery, another on the Cailltre island, both in the river Shannon, and one in Ram's Island, on the Lough Neagh.

In the church-yard near this tower at Clonsalkin, is a plain cross, of a kind of white granite, unpolished; it is of a single stone, and nine feet in height; as also the top of another cross stuck in the ground.

The country for several miles on this side Dublin, is flat like that round London; but is not like it either in the multitude or magnitude of the trees, and still less so in the appearance of the houses on the road side.

At seven miles from Dublin we passed through the village of Rathcool, which is mostly composed of clay huts, so awkwardly built, and irregularly disposed, that even Wales would be ashamed of them, and it cannot but offend any traveller to see such paltry edifices so near the capital, where the landscape is, in all other respects, so beautifully diversified.

At fourteen miles from the city, after entering the county of Kildare, is the little town of Naas, whose appearance is very shabby for a borough and shire town; but there are some pleasant seats near it, and the grounds swelling into gentle

the undulations, give a sweet variety to that rich corn country.

On the road hither is the ruin of a magnificent house, begun, but never finished, by earl Strafford, when lord lieutenant of the kingdom. Near this, and about thirty miles from Dublin, is the Curragh, or Race ground of Kildare, where all great matches are run. It is the Newmarket of Ireland, and the sportsmen say that the turf is equal to any in England, and exceeds that at Newmarket in circumference. It is a fine sod for the diversions, and if it has any fault, it is its evenness. It is a most delightful spacious common and sheep-walk, and the land extremely good; but according to the opinions of several good judges, this plain is narrowing gradually, by a few enclosures now and then creeping forward. Government gives annually two plates, of one hundred pounds each, to be run for. Those were originally granted upon the suggestion of Sir William Temple, who, among other schemes for the improvement of Ireland, recommended this with a view of improving the breed of Irish horses. As this spot was remarkable for horse-racing long before king's plates were established here, it is natural to suppose that it took its name from its being a horse-course, and that it was called Curragh, from the Latin word *Curro*, to run.

From this place we went to see the town of Kildare, once the chief of the county, but were very much disappointed. The situation is pleasant enough, and it had in former ages a more extensive collection of buildings, a great part of which lie buried in ruins, yet it is the see of a bishop. The cathedral was once a very fine building

building of the Gothic stile. The walls and an old tower are still remaining, but are impaired by time. In 1641 a battery was planted against this church, which defaced its beauty. The choir now in use is kept in decent repair, and a handsome Venetian window supplies the place of an old one. In the ruined part yet remain two stone statues, not ill carved: the first of a bishop in his pontificalibus, with two monks for his supporters. There are no inscriptions, or dates, left visible, to point out the name of this reverend prelate; but I am told, that none of the noble family of Leinster was ever collated to that see, whose supporters this bishop wore. The other is of a knight in armour, in which the artist has shewn more skill than in the former, and the different escutcheons seemed very properly emblazoned. I was surprized to find so little care was taken of them. Detached from these ruins is another in the same neglected state, once a convent of the nuns of St. Brigid; who, according to Giraldus, makes Kildare illustrious by her unextinguishable fires, the ashes of which have never increased. The very oak under which she delighted to pray, has given a name to the place. Brigid, you must know, was the Virgin Saint of the land, and, after the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick, held in the highest adoration by the Irish catholics. She was worshipped like Vesta, with unextinguished fires, kept burning by the nuns in their convent; which was therefore called the fire-house.

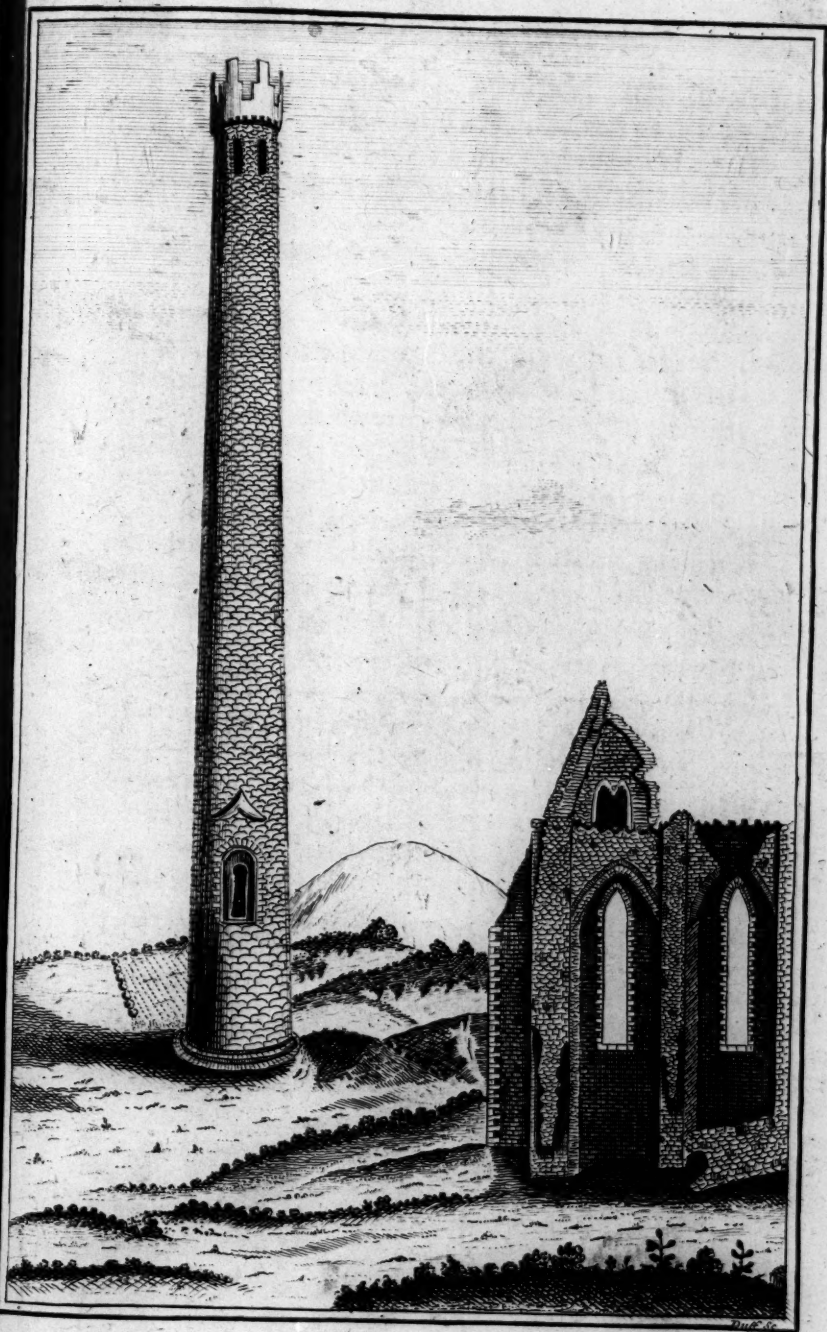
The ladies of Ireland are too wise to imitate this patroness of virginity in making the vow, celibacy being, perhaps, more uncommon here than in any other country. Yet the chastity of the women, and the bravery of the men, are traits
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of the national character, on which these people, not without justice, pique themselves.

Among the higher ranks, the indiscretions of the fair sex are, probably, as uncommon as any where else, and certainly more so than in many other places. In a circle so small, that not to know every body is to be unknown, trespasses in this way can never escape observation, and therefore censure must be armed with double terrors.

But whatever strictness guards decorum in the polite world, they tell you that infamy does not long attend female frailty, in the lower walk of life. There a young woman may make a young squire a father, and marry her sweet-heart the very next year, who values his bride the more. In the church yard of Kildare, is by far the finest round tower that I have hitherto seen, in good repair; it is a hundred and thirty feet in height, built of white granite to about twelve feet above the ground, and the rest of common blue stone. The door is fourteen feet from the foundation; the pedestal of an old cross is still to be seen here, and the upper part of a cross lies near it on the ground. The ruins of the six Gothic arches, with their buttresses that remain, plainly shew this was once a noble spacious church; and had not the cannon begun its destruction, it might have remained intire to this day, since it was repaired as late as the reign of Henry VII. by the then prelate, bishop Edmund Lane, who it is supposed, lies buried in the forementioned tomb. This cathedral was first founded by St. Conlian, in the year of Christ 503, and dedicated to St. Bridget.

Though



ROUND TOWER AT KILDARE.



Though the town of Kildare was once the capital of the county, yet the assizes are never held there, which is one reason of its decay: they are alternately at Athy and Naas, for the better accommodation, the town of Kildare being too much out of the way.

Having visited Kildare, we set off for Kilcullen-bridge, and in our way thither, we visited the seat of — Eustace, Esq. which is a fine large building, with a noble court before it, that bore the face of antiquity, but yet no decay appeared in any part. The situation is on the summit of an hill, and the front looks down from an high eminence into the river Liffy; but what charmed us beyond imagination was a vast body of water, in an artificial bed of a large extent, where we saw a ship completely furnished, as if ready to make a long voyage by sea; her sails spread, her colours flying, anchors weighed, guns firing, and the sailors neatly dressed, every one at their proper function, with their usual sea-terms. This gave us inexpressible delight. In a neat pleasure-boat we were conveyed on board, where in a cabin finely adorned, we were seated, and served with an elegant entertainment by the worthy owner, and amongst the rest with sea provisions, buiscuit, &c. the guns echoing round the adjacent woods and mountains, that seemed to us like a piece of enchantment; all this in a basin upon a high hill, I believe a hundred yards above the river, made by art, the bottom and sides paved. In short no description can reach it. Though we were four hours in this agreeable employment, we were not cloyed; and when we came on shore, if we may call it so, we stood a long time on the delightful margin of the basin to admire the vessel,

which was still under sail. The gardens and groves are very large and extensive, the walls spacious, sheltered in several places with laurel hedges finely kept, above twenty feet high, and two hundred yards in length; others with yew, and different sorts of holly, whose different greens give variety of pleasure. I must not forget to tell you that this artificial sea, as well as other variety of ponds, breed and feed innumerable carp and tench, whose taste equals those of Hampton-court, the place most famed in England for those sort of fish. This seat is a corporation of itself, and sends two members to parliament, though there is no town upon the estate, only this single house. The owner accommodates the electors with his hall, which is noble and spacious, and, though he never covets to be one of the representatives, yet, during the election, he generously treats all the voters, as well as candidates.

Having spent our time very agreeably at this delightful seat, we set out for Kilcullen bridge, of six arches, over the river Liffy. From hence we went down the river, to view a place called the New Abby, which, however is now much in ruins, like all the rest of its brotherhood. The Abby was founded by Rowland Eustace, of a great and ancient family in this country. The tower is still standing, and some part of the abbey. The ruins of the rest have contributed to build several dwellings near it. In the inside Rowland Eustace and his lady lie buried, their figures cloathed in armour, and on the ground we saw the broken remains of the twelve apostles. Here are several neat habitations; and the river Liffy running by them, forms a pleasant situation. It has a very winding course, from within a few miles of Wicklow; and being joined by a few smaller

smaller streams, runs a long journey of above sixty miles, and pours itself into the sea at Dublin; yet not above fifteen miles from its head. On the other side of the Liffy is a very handsome seat belonging to the heirs of the late Thomas Carter, Esq. master of the rolls, in Ireland.

Having again returned to Kilcullen-bridge, we crossed over it, and proceeded to Kilcullen, where is a pretty church to the right, on a hill, with a round tower, about half its original height. This town, though mean now, was formerly very large, and surrounded with a wall, for you enter through an old arch at the turnpike. But as there is nothing more remarkable, we passed on, and saw great numbers of very handsome seats, with fine situations, which to describe, would exceed my limits. In the road as we pursued our journey, we were shewn a large stone, almost in the form of a pyramid, on the very summit of a hill. We asked a man at a cabbin door, what it meant? He told us, they had it by tradition, that the Devil took it in his head to build a very large castle in the neighbouring valley, but over-loading himself, that stone slipped through his fingers, and has remained there ever since, though the castle, built of the same materials, is now destroyed.

In proceeding from thence we left Dunlaven on the left hand, and about a mile further visited Narragmore, the seat of Mr. Keating, on the right. This seat is a spacious, lofty building, seated on an eminence, which commands an extensive beautiful prospect of mountains, hills, and vales, diversified with several rivulets. The gardens are answerable to the building, and his entertainment generous, open, and free, with such an ami-

able affability, as adds consummated pleasure to the whole.

From this charming situation we descended to a vale, when, within a mile of Timolin, on the right, our eyes were enraptured with the most delicious situation, where, through the lofty trees, were beheld a variety of neat dwellings, through a road that looked like a fine terrace-walk, we hastened to this lovely spot, where nature, assisted by art, gave us the most perfect gratification. It is a colony of quakers, called by the name of Ballitore. The river Griss winds its streams very near the houses, and the buildings, orchards, and gardens, shew an elegant simplicity peculiar to that people. Their burying-ground near the road, is surrounded with different trees, whose verdure made us imagine it was a well-planted garden, till we were informed otherwise. The hedges that inclose their meadows and fields, are quick-set, kept of an equal height, and about every ten yards trees regularly pierce through them, forming beautiful groves of a large extent. Industry reigns amongst this happy society; all their works are executed with taste, corrected by judgment, and seem to prosper, as if heaven smiled upon their honest labours.

From thence we soon arrived at Timolin, through which runs the river Griss, which empties itself into the Barrow. This place has little to recommend it, except its situation, a neat church upon a rising ground, and a very good inn. In our road from Timolin, we passed through a village called Moun or Moon, where is a large church, formerly a Franciscan monastery; and near it one of the large Mounts or Rathes; where, a few years since, a gentleman, by his particular desire,
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was interred on the very summit, which his heirs caused to be railed round, and planted with trees. From hence it is not above three miles to Castle-Dermot.

From Kildare to Castle-Dermot the country is in general pleasant, and diversified with gentlemen's seats.

Castle-Dermot was once a large fortified town, and the residence of the kings who bore the name of Dermot. It was sacked and plundered by Bruce, in 1316; but yet, though greatly reduced in size, is a borough town; you enter it over a pretty stream called the Lane, that waters the pleasant meadows. The town is situated on a flat, and surrounded with a fine level country for several miles. It had formerly four gates: the entrance southward still bears the name of Carlow-gate, and the other to the north Dublin-gate, though there are not the least remains of either left. At the entrance of the town from Carlow, are the ruins of a fine abbey of Franciscans, founded by Gerald, earl of Kildare, about the middle of the thirteenth century. It is large and spacious, and the remains shew it to have been magnificent, particularly one of its windows, two of the ailes, and some octagon pillars, which still preserve the outlines of ancient grandeur and elegance. There are two tombstones remaining, one of which has the figure of death ill cut on one edge, and on the other of a corpse, in a winding sheet. The other tombstone is broke in two, and has a cross near the top; but no inscription on either to inform us of the personages who lie buried under them. They have made the body of the church a fives-court, which must very much scandalize the Roman catholicks, whose

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mass-house is very near it, in the church-yard, composed of some of the stones from its ruins; and near that, is a meeting-house for Quakers, so that there is a medley of religions here. This town must certainly have been once of great extent; for in the year 1377, a parliament was held here, and a mint to coin money. The inn where we dined was part of the parliament-house. There is a fine work-house here, and well endowed. We were shewn an old tower, now a pigeon-house, which is all that remains of the old fortifications. As to the castle from whence it derives its name, there are not even the vestiges to be seen.

The Protestant church is on the verge of the town, a very mean building; and close to it is another of those pillars, or round towers, covered and kept in good repair. In the church-yard is a large cross, the upper part of which lies on the ground, but the pedestal remains standing; and by some old dates we saw scattered on pieces of tombstones, we were convinced this was a large church before the reformation. At Castle-Dermot is the first English protestant school that was founded in this kingdom, according to that noble institution of the charter-society, of which you have often had ample accounts in England.

While we were at Castle-Dermot, we saw a monstrous pair of horns, which came from Drogheda, and were to be put up in a gentleman's hall in the county of Tipperary. These horns were once fixed to a scull that bore them, but were now fastened by art. The extremity of each horn was more than eleven feet; from the top of the head to the end of the nose, two feet; and from the setting-on of the horn to the end of the
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end of the branch, near two yards. The branch was extended like the palm of a hand open, with five fingers and the thumb, and three others lower towards the head. I should imagine the beast that bore these horns must be as big as an elephant, or very much over-burdened with the weight. We were surprized to find that these horns were the produce of this kingdom, and often found five or six feet under the earth, in casually turning the ground for manure; not singly, but frequently two or three together; therefore it is manifest they were once common in this island, though no writer, as we could hear, gives any account of this native race, which is now extinct.

On leaving Castle-Dermot, we turned to the left, through a little place named Richard's-Town, when we entered the county of Carlow, or Catherlow; and soon after passed through another small village, called Kinmeagh, to Burton-Hall, or Ballinakill. The avenue that leads to this beautiful house is at least an English mile long, and the breadth large. On each side is a far extended wood, cut out with variety of vistas. The house is not very modern, built on an eminence, which has a gradual ascent. The gardens are spacious and well planted. Behind lies a beautiful park of near 200 acres, circled with a stone wall nine feet high, and well stocked. The fine vista here is terminated by a statue of a gladiator. The wood in this spacious park, upon any memorable occasion, is illuminated. The beautiful cascade is adorned with elegant statues, some of which are originals, brought from Italy. The hall is spacious, and built on a little river that parts the counties of Carlow and Kildare, so that the table stands in those two counties. A few

few years since a person, once possessed of a considerable estate, by unforeseen misfortunes came to decay. A rigid creditor, by his spies, had notice that the unfortunate gentleman was gone to pay his respects at Burton Hall. The creditor hurried away to the sheriff of the county of Kildare, who, with his proper officers, soon went to Burton-Hall, well assured of their prey. The unfortunate gentleman was the first that perceived them coming up the avenue, turned pale, and sighing, cried, I am undone. The master of the house, knowing the affair, bid him take courage, for he should dine with this inhuman creditor and the sheriff in safety; and then placing him in a chair on the county of Carlow side of the table, went to invite the harsh creditor, and the sheriff to dine with him. The sheriff, a gentleman of worth, told his business in a whisper, with concern. As soon as the creditor entered the hall, he cried out to the sheriff, There is your prisoner, take care of him! But he soon was informed, the prisoner (as he called him) was in the county of Carlow, and of consequence the sheriff of Kildare had no power over him. The creditor was so enraged at his disappointment, that he would not stay to dine, which did not displease the company.

From Ballinakill we proceeded to Rutland, by the Irish called Rutlo. Here we saw the ruins of a large spacious house, fronting a large grove, the improvement of a few years only: But to make amends for the ruin of the old house or castle there is a compact new dwelling, erected upon an eminence, and near it a neat church, with the church-yard surrounded with noble high trees. From this place we took a round of about twelve

twelve Irish miles, passed through a pleasant village called Palatine's Town, from a colony of industrious people, who were driven from their native country by the persecuting arms of Louis XIV. and now spread over America as well as Europe. This place, and many parts around it, was formerly a bog, but brought into good ground by the willing labour of these people. But for what reason they abandoned this improved situation I could not learn. We crossed, in our return, the Barren again, after passing by a very pretty seat, over another bridge at Bato. This little river takes its rise at a place called Mount Leinster, and after a course of about twenty miles, falls into the Barrow at Carlow. The trout, pike, and eels, which this stream produces, equal any of the kind in the kingdom.

From Castle-Dermot it is about six miles to Carlow, in the county of the same name. On this side Castle-Dermot, the country grows less pleasant, and the road being one extended right line for several miles, becomes less fatiguing to the rider than to the horse; but as you approach Carlow, the scene alters, the country seeming to be entirely occupied by gentlemen's parks, walled in, and recently planted; which will appear most delightful when the trees are full grown. The town itself is pleasantly situated on the Barrow, over which it has a stone bridge, and makes a very cheerful appearance, from the number of white houses scattered up and down; nor are you at all disappointed when you enter it, there being a cleanliness and neatness in the streets I had not hitherto seen on this road.

This town consists of one main street, and another not of so large extent, that crosses it in the
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middle, together with two or three back lanes. The church is but an ordinary structure, but the market house is neat enough. The Town-hall, where the Judges sit in their circuits, is built over the goal, which you ascend by a flight of steps from the street. The felons, in the day-time, are seated on a bench, fettered, before the door of the prison, to beg and air themselves. There was a good flesh market, and every thing wore the appearance of a good English village. Such are the happy effects of a little trade! For here they have a manufacture of the coarsest kind of woollen cloths, and are concerned in supplying the neighbourhood with coals from Kilkenny. They have a horse-barrack; and on an eminence, over-hanging the river, stands an old castle, of an oblong square area, with large round towers at each angle; which has a fine effect. It was once walled, but submitted to Oliver on his first approach; however, in 1577 it had sustained a long siege against Roryoge Moor, then in rebellion against queen Elizabeth; but at last was obliged to surrender, when it was miserably plundered, and many of the inhabitants inhumanly put to the sword.

Up the river from Carlow the landscape is highly picturesque; and downward for eight miles along its banks, to Leighlin-bridge, the ride is delightful. At a due distance the grounds swell gradually into mountains, which from their feet to their mid-sides, are covered with woods; and, to enliven the prospect, the interjacent tract is sprinkled with several little white villas, neatly planted around. About two miles south east of Carlow is the fine seat of Staplestown, belonging to Mr. Bagnel; a sweet situation, where nature has contributed greatly to assist art. The house

house is built on an eminence, that, with a gentle declivity, leads you down to a pretty river called the Burren, which is crossed by a bridge of seven arches. The house and gardens might serve an Italian prince, who need not be ashamed of his residence. Though this place is called Staplestown, there are but very few houses in it. We crossed the fore-mentioned bridge, with a mill on our left, where we stood to please our eyes with the gentle winding stream of the Burren, which washes the base of a beautiful hill; and passed a seat called Benny-Kerry, built by Vigors, bishop of Leighlin and Ferns; but the death of that prelate was the prelude to its ruin. About a mile further east is Mohill, or Moyle, a pleasant seat; from thence we turned to the south, and visited a very old mansion of the house of Ormond. This is a gloomy solitude, environed with awful towering trees, and much noted for stories of apparitions, which heightens the horror of this solemn old pile. About two miles hence, on the other side of the Barrow, are the ruins of another seat of the Butlers, called Cloghgrenan. It is a very ancient castle almost covered with trees, and just hanging over the river, which makes the situation very elegant and picturesque; but it is now in so ruinous a state, that it must shortly be entirely lost. Of this too the country people tell many stories of fairies, &c. which are not unpleasing, but too tedious to relate. We returned to the east side of the Barrow, and visited Kelly's Town, where we saw a large ruined church dedicated to St. Patrick, and, as we were informed, built by that saint; If true, the foundation must be near fourteen hundred years old. It formerly belonged to the ancient family of the Cummins, a name still surviving, and numerous in this country. There are several of that name interred in

the church, whose vaults are still remaining; yet we could find but one, whose inscription was intelligible, and as follows:

Hoc jacet sub lapide Hugo Mac Cummins, 1603.

I only mention this to let you know, that Protestants and Papists mingle together in the grave here. Near this church (which stands on an eminence, where you see a beautiful country round you) in a bottom is a well dedicated to St. Patrick, surrounded with a stone wall, and shaded with trees, to which, on St. Patrick's day, great crowds resort out of devotion. We were informed by the person who conducted us, that a prophane wretch, who wanted wood for firing, repaired to this well to cut down one of these sacred trees. The first stroke he gave, he imagined he saw his cabin in flames, and ran with the utmost speed to quench the fire; but when he came there, he found every thing as he left them. He returned to his work again, and giving another stroke, saw the flames rise higher than before, which obliged him to repair home a second time, when finding all things safe as at first, he returned to the tree, and by his repeated strokes brought it down to the ground; but before he could drag it home, he found his cabin and furniture entirely consumed to ashes. We were shewn the very spot where the cabin stood, and no one will venture to erect another in the same place, nor contradict the truth of this tradition.

From Kellystown we went to Garryhaddon, a most stately seat, belonging to an eminent and antient branch of the Ormond family. The present proprietor has neglected it, and built another, further up, in a very romantic wild country. However,

However, though in ruins, this still keeps an appearance of its ancient magnificence particular in a noble park, a fine wilderness of lofty fir-trees, and vast canals, malls and fish-ponds: the whole seated in a country, which is a perfect garden, and replete with fine plantations; which conspire to fill the mind with a melancholy pleasure.

From Garryhaddon it is about two miles to Leighlin-bridge, eminent for nothing but a fine scite, a handsome bridge of nine arches over the river Barrow, and the remains of a very large castle, whose towers and walls are still standing, and of a great extent, on the banks of the river. —This place was destroyed by the Irish rebels in 1577. The town is inconsiderable. On the north side of the river, are the ruins of an old abbey, a gate of which yet remains, as well as some fragments of walls in an inn yard. Here we crossed the river Barrow to visit old Leighlin, half of a bishoprick, the other half at Ferns. This place was formerly a city, but is now a very mean village. The cathedral is kept in very good repair, with a beautiful arch of marble in the centre, that supports the tower, like most that we have seen, of Gothick design. Fronting the entrance we saw a tomb raised high, where, they told us, bishop Cavanagh was interred, in the year 1587; but a sudden darkness, occasioned by a long rain, obscured our seeing it plain. There is a pretty font, supported by four round pillars of marble, on a foundation of the same. The stalls and other marks of its episcopal dignity still remain neat and entire. Between these, under a flat stone, lies buried another of the Cavanaghs. Over the communion-table are these two words, *sursum corda*. We left the church, to look at the bishop's house, which now lies in ruins.

Leighlin

Leighlin was a sole bishoprick, founded in the year 632, and joined to Ferns in the year 1600. We took it on trust too, that Gurmundus, a Danish prince, was buried in this church. We saw several little houses and tenements rising from the ruined walls of the four prebendary dwellings of this cathedral. The last bishop of Leighlin, before it was joined with Ferns, was the right reverend Robert Grave, who coming by sea to be installed, suffered ship-wreck in the harbour of Dublin, and perished in the waves. This cathedral was burnt to the ground, it is said, by lightning, and rebuilt *Anno Domini* 1232, then dedicated to St. Lasearian, or Lazarinus. Since the sees were joined, it is made use of as a parish church.

About two miles from this place, on the side of the publick road, we were shewn a church-yard, or rather a burying place, for there is neither church or inclosure, called Larotagh, noted for the interment of one of the ancient kings of Ireland. It now serves, for the same use, to those of the Roman faith. We then returned to the road from Leighlin-bridge to Kilkenny, when we passed by the Royal Oak inn, which, tho' a mean building, is remarkable for its good entertainment; and left on our left hand a seat in Kilkenny, belonging to the family of Kelly, from whence Kelly-mount takes its name; and is remarkable for the banditti who used formerly to commit their depredations in very large bodies, and make a little inn near this place, their house of rendezvous. Not far from this we crossed a ford that parts the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny. Within this ford the high sheriffs of both counties meet, and deliver and receive the judges in their circuits. Formerly there was a battle fought near
this

this place, between the inhabitants of both counties, concerning their limits, which are now amicably fixed at the middle of the ford. From thence I returned into the county of Carlow, to see, as the next place worthy of observation, Bagnal's-town, three miles south from Leighlin-bridge, intended to have been erected into one of the best towns of the kingdom, by the name of Versailles. A magnificent square, court-house, and several other publick buildings were raised with stone of different kinds, intermixed with marble. Over the river Barrow is a beautiful bridge. This gentleman's delight, we are informed, was to bring the great road through this town instead of Leighlin-bridge; but he failed in the attempt, and a stop was put to the further progress of the buildings, after his having incurred an immense expence. About a mile before we arrived at this place we had the pleasure of visiting Dunlecnny, the family seat of Mr. Bagnal, which is a noble building, with fine gardens and a large park.

From Bagnal's-town I repassed its bridge, and re-entered Kilkenny county; and keeping the Barrow river on my left, we came to Low Grange, within a mile of Gowran. How shall I describe this place! Imagine as you approach this seat, you view the walls of a town, and at last enter the gate, pass by several noble arches, partly built with marble, and partly of a hard stone, dug out of a quarry within its precincts. You advance by these arches which lead you to a noble court-yard, fronted with a handsome canal. The building, of a modern and elegant taste, is fronted with marble; the spouts that throw off the water, are of the same materials, and so contrived as to appear an additional beauty to the building.

Part

Part of this noble dwelling was formerly the tower of an old castle, but now it wears a modern face.

Any person would take this place for a town on the inside of the walls as well without. Here is a work-house of a large extent, where are employed harness-makers, sadlers, mill-wrights, coopers, tallow-chandlers, butchers, carpenters, joiners, smiths, and several other trades. Bullocks stalls are built with handsome arches, besides noble stables, built in the same manner, and capable of holding sixty horses. The hogs eat out of marble troughs, one of which has been an ancient coffin, but the inscription round the edge is not intelligible. The park is well stocked with fine deer. Here are walled in, by twelve different inclosures, near a thousand acres, with lime and stone, ten feet high, besides a garden of twelve acres more, and an orchard much of the same dimensions: even the orchard is planted with wall-fruit trees of the best sorts that can be purchased in Europe. A multiplicity of ponds produce here the best and largest carp and tench; the river that runs through the grounds, furnishes excellent trout and eels; and the Barrow, about a mile from it, plenty of salmon, as well as with other fish. We then visited Goran, Gouram, or Gouran; for it is often called by all those names. It was formerly a town noted for its strength and extent, but now it is no more than the shadow of what it was; yet there are several handsome buildings, intermixed with ruins. It was in a much better plight not many years ago, when the road to Cork lay through it; but since the turnpikes have been erected that direct through Kilkenny, this place fares the worse. This I have

have from information. It is a pleasant situation, upon a river that has no long continuance, and falls into the Barrow. There are remains of monasteries and castles, that declare its former grandeur. The last-mentioned were destroyed by Oliver. The church seems to have been one of the former, by its size and antiquity. This place is about six miles from Kilkenny, and near it is the largest Rath or Danish mount that I remember to have seen. There is a stately seat at Gowran, with stables the finest I have beheld in this kingdom, which, as well as the house, are built of black marble unpolished. Here is also an elegant poor-house. The church is a large piece of antiquity, half dilapidated by time. In a little chapel, on the south side of the church, is a monument of J. Kelly, Esq. entombed 1626, another of the same name which induced me to mention the first, of Gowran, buried in 1640, with the two following lines, after the usual inscription:

“ Both wives at once he could not have ;
 “ Both to enjoy at once, he made his grave.”

We proceeded thence to Kilkenny, the best inland town in the kingdom, denominated from the cell of St. Kenne. It is sweetly situated on the river Newre (but separated by a rapid stream, called the Bragah, that rises from seven springs above the town, which fall into the Newre between the two bridges) covering two little hills; on one of which stands the cathedral, and on the other the old castle of the Ormond family. Near the cathedral is one of those round towers, I described to you at Clondalkin. There are, besides, three towers of ruinous abbies, which still rear

VOL. I.

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their heads aloft, and give a figure of some consequence to the town.

This city formerly had the appellation of Holy; and indeed the remains of the ruined monasteries, shew, that buildings consecrated to religion, overspread above a third part of it.

There are but two churches in this large town, or rather city, consisting of between two or three thousand houses; but there are several mass-houses, each of which has congregations vastly more numerous than both the churches. The cathedral began in 1202, finished in 1252, is a Gothic edifice, so venerable, that whoever sees it must lament that a spire, at least, had not been added to the stumpy steeple. From the bishop's palace to the church, is a long and double colonnade, in the modern style. The nave is divided from the aisles, by massy columns of black marble, crufted over with a dirty lime white wash. It is, however, a consolation, that the scaffolding is now reared for the purpose of embellishing this ancient pile.

It is a noble large fabrick, built on an eminence, with a descent all around it. You enter the church-yard from the town by a flight of marble steps; it is planted with regular trees, and to the west a handsome terrace-walk, where you have a beautiful prospect of a very fine country. The cathedral, as most are, is built in the form of a cross: Its length 226 feet, and breadth, on the part of the cross, 123; its height in proportion, with a centre aisle, and one on each side. It is a very strong building, and yet looks neat and light. The choir is very beautiful, and the ceiling adorned with curious fret-work. The stalls
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are composed of wood, but very well ornamented; and the rays of the sun, painted over the communion-table, seem as if they gave light to the whole. There are some monuments scattered irregularly about this cathedral; some in armour, like those in the Temple church, London, but have no marks to find who they represent. There are some also of mitred bishops, some in horizontal, and some in praying postures. Likewise a monument erected in 1745, to the memory of the wife of a bishop of Ossory; it represents a statue of a woman as large as the life, with a book in her left hand, and her right arm reclining on an urn of white marble, on a black ground, sculptured by P. Scheemakers.

I took notice of one in an open place, formerly called St. Mary's chapel, even with the choir. It is formed of black marble, with many laborious embellishments; the image of St. Canice, with a mitre at his foot, a monk's hood on his head, and crozier in his hand; and many other figures of persons, with foliage of flowers, very masterly executed. This monument, had it not been defaced by time and ill usage, might vie with any I have seen in Westminster-abbey. On the north side, which is called the parish church, is the monument of bishop Gaffney, mean enough, with an ill cut mitre and cross together, with *hic jacet*. &c. cut in old Saxon letters, and along the border *obit* 1576. There are several more, viz. the reverend dean Johnson, Fowkes's tomb and monument, lord viscount Montgarret, &c. but of structures so mean, they are hardly worth observation. There is one I shall take notice of, more for the untimely fate of the unfortunate prelate, than any extraordinary workmanship;

110 THE COMPLETE

for the tomb is mean enough, with this inscription, that speaks the meaning of most of the others:

HIC JACET

Reverendus Pater Nicholaus Walsh,

Quondam Offriensis Episcopus.

Qui obiit die mensis Decembris 14,

Anno Domini 1585.

HERE LIES

The Reverend Father in God, Nicholas Walsh,

Late Bishop of Offory,

Who died December the 14th,

In the Year of our Lord 1585.

This worthy prelate, being an early Protestant, had numerous enemies on the other side of the question; and, when promoted to this see by queen Elizabeth, set about not only the reformation of the church, but to regain the finances, that by degrees had crept, or rather been pilfered from it. These intentions gained him powerful opposers; but he still persisted, for the honour of God and his church, and punished all crimes within his jurisdiction with an upright hand, strictly adhering to the truth. He thought himself answerable for every sin that he did not punish. But his strict justice was the means of his death. One James Dullard, being guilty of the heinous crime of adultery, was cited to answer as usual in the bishop's court, before this worthy prelate. When the offender appeared before his awful judge, even in the time of his examination, he drew out a concealed instrument, stabbed the bishop to the heart, and afterwards made his escape; but heaven

ven overtook him, and brought him back to justice, when he suffered death for his impious crimes. I was surprized there was not some mention made upon his tomb of this barbarous murder; but was answered, the abettors of the villain, though they could not prevent his execution, had power enough not to have their crimes cut in marble to witness against them.

The arch, in the middle of the church, is esteemed a masterly performance, and admired by every one that has the least knowledge in architecture, for one of admirable composure; and our modern builders regret that the author's name is buried in oblivion, since it would be an honour to their country. The front is cut of one entire block of marble, or otherwise so curiously joined as not to be perceived.

The bishop's palace is new built, inclosed with a high wall, with two gates, one of which leads out of the church-yard, and the other into a back street. It is a very handsome building, but whitened on the out-side. The city itself would be something like Oxford, if we could suppose Oxford dilapidated of its towers and pinnacles.

When I say the streets are paved with marble I do not fable, for they are certainly so, and even the steps of both the prisons are of the same materials. I have seen a cobbler's cellar fronted with marble, and the steps that descend to his cavern of the same; but then you must consider that marble is as common here, as pebbles are with us; and, as I am informed, of mines inexhaustible, even near the city, and of a hardness as durable. The main-street is a full English mile (I mean of both towns) in length, which is the chief
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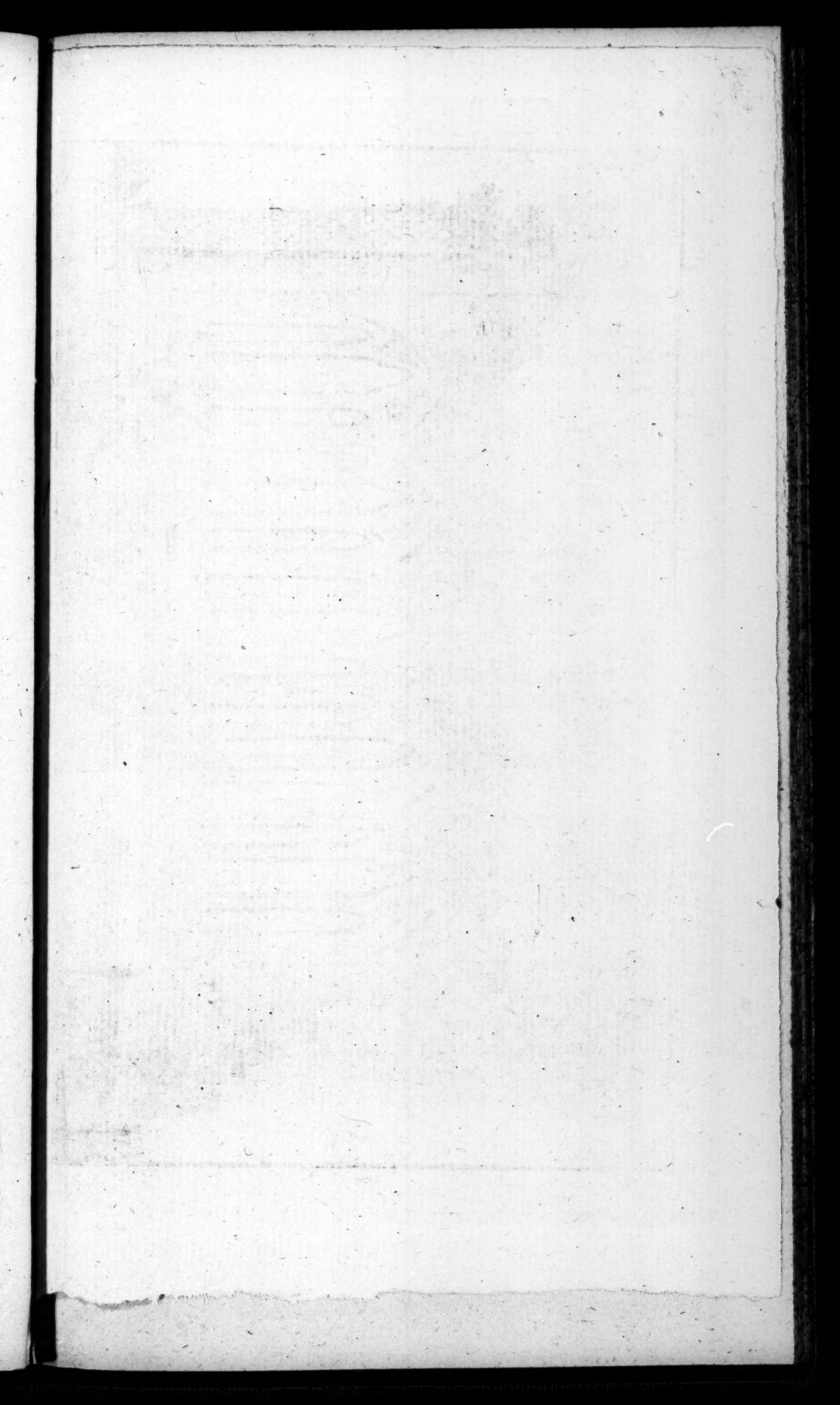
part of the town. For the most part it is spacious; but near the middle of what is called Kilkenny, stands the market-place, and tholsel or town-house, a very good building; and near it a handsome Gothic cross, much the worse by time, which you may ascend by high marble steps; it does not ill resemble that of Coventry in England, though not so high.

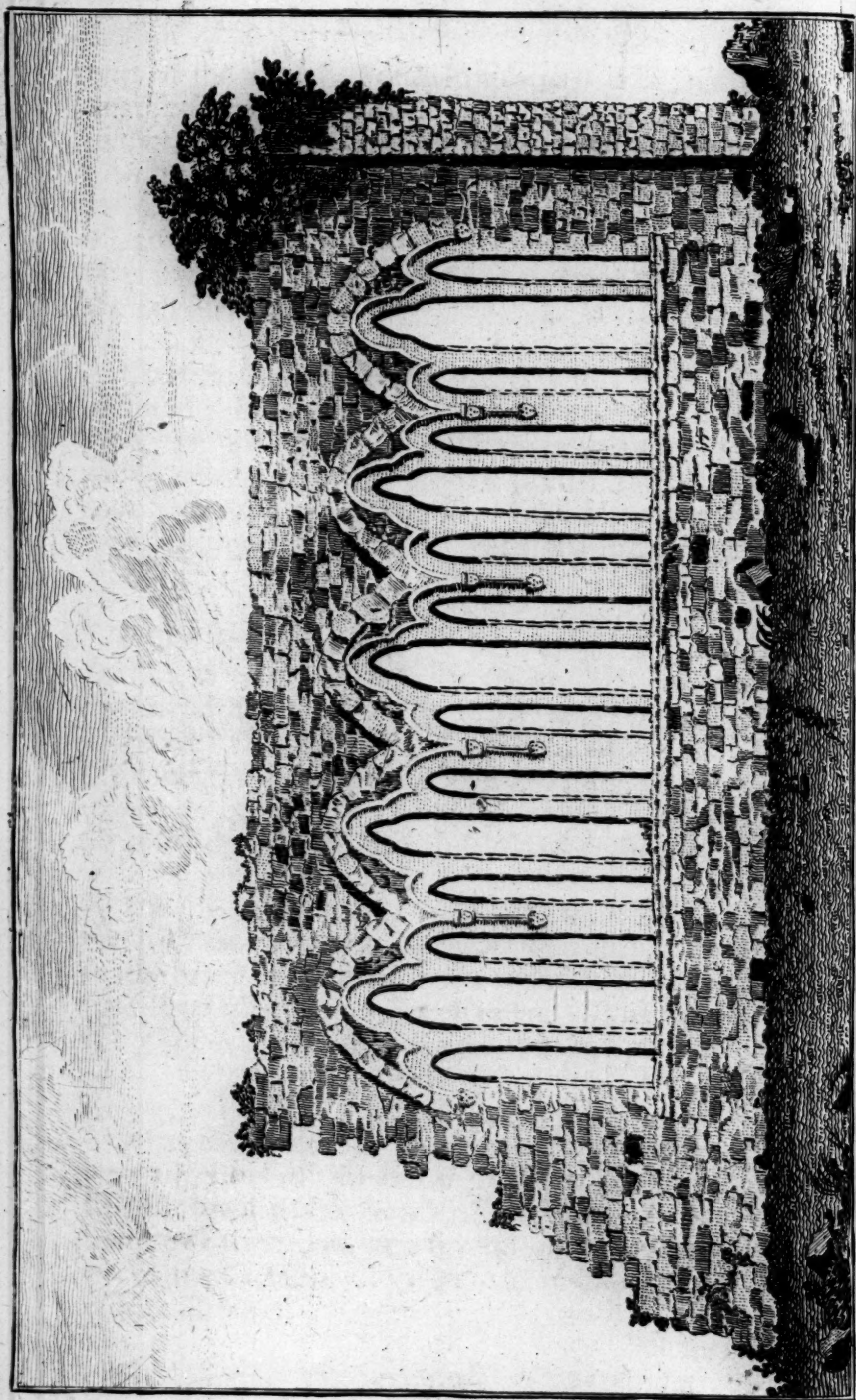
There are nine gates to this city still standing, and the remains of its old walls, which plainly shew its past strength; in some places they are raised over rocks. There is a pretty walk, of a mile in length, along the river side, planted with trees, and much resembling that along the Ouse at York.

Just as you go down the steps from the cathedral, is a free school, built and endowed by the right honourable Pierce Butler, earl of Ormond and Ossory, with an addition by his wife, the countess of Ormond, above two hundred years ago; and certainly no seat of learning could wish for a situation more chearful, or more healthful.

The hill on which the cathedral stands, is called the Irish town, as that whereon the castle is, goes by the name of the English town, and each of them send two members to parliament. The former is mostly composed of sorry houses, and poor cabins; the latter is generally well built. The castle was founded in 1192, by Randolph III. earl of Chester, but built, as it now stands, by the Butlers, ancestors of the dukes of Ormond. In the English town is the church of St. Mary, no contemptible structure, with several old monumental decorations; there also are the town-hall, jail, and market-house.

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I mentioned to you the towers of three monasteries, these are St. John's, St. Francis's and the Black Abbey. St. John's, built in 1211, has great elegance, and amazing lightness in the style of the building. The abbey-church of Bath, is, I think, called the lanthorn of England; but this is more windowed still; for about fifty-four feet of the south side of the choir yet entire, the whole seems to be one window. The east window is sixteen feet wide, and about forty high, as I guess. These ruins stand upon a large extent of ground, bordering on the river. Belonging to this abbey are the remains of several old monuments, almost buried in the ruins.

St. Francis's has little remaining except the tower. This seemed the most elegant building of the three, the garden still remains and borders on the rivers Bregah and Newre. This has been the last in use. But the Black Abbey is a magnificent remain; the windows are exquisitely curious, not unlike many you have seen; the architraves in the outside cornice under the parapet, are very expressive of their origin. Of this spacious ruin, two of the steeples are almost entire, and many of its cells still remain. In the body of the church lies a figure, and near it a vase or font, with Irish characters cut round the border. This is without the walls of the town to the southward.

One of the old churches is converted into a mass-house, as the courts of two of the abbies are changed into barracks; St. Francis's for horse, and St. John's for foot. How different are the establishments of different potentates, at different periods! The Pope's barracks in Ireland were
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filled with old fellows with shaven crowns, and without shirts, but cloathed in long sweaty gowns, of black, and white, and grey. The king now fills his convents with young fellows, wearing long hair, linen shirts, and scarlet jackets, lined with all the colours of the rainbow.

The castle, whose magnificence was heightened by the sublimity of its situation, has been gradually falling into decay since the attainder of the late duke of Ormond. It was in his time a spacious square, two sides of which are now standing: one they are rebuilding, and the other two they have put into repair; but in a taste too modern for a building of such antiquity, and too frippery for one of such magnitude. The front next the street is built upon a level ground, and, with the chapel, forms a large square. You enter through a noble lofty gate of marble, of the Corinthian order; but, alas! when you are once in, you have only the prospect of an illustrious ruin; the noble large gardens are in much the same state as the palace; and the bowling green is now common for any gentleman that pays for his pleasure.

In a gallery of 150 feet in length, but very disproportioned in breadth, they shew you several old portraits: among these in full length, are the whole Stuart race who reigned in England from Charles I. inclusive, together with William III. who is said to have dined here, on his march to the siege of Limerick, soon after the battle of the Boyne. But the most remarkable piece is a three quarter length of earl Stafford, said to be taken but a few days before his catastrophe; to which is contrasted, the picture of the same person, taken
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in the full career of his ambition. The different situations of life are strongly marked in the countenance of each.

In the room called the presence-chamber, or at least in that next it, for I already forget, are the four elements in tapestry, finely executed, and in high preservation; the gloss of newness seems fresh upon them. In another apartment is a suit of hangings, representing the story of Decius, in the attitudes of taking leave of his friends, receiving the high priest's benediction, &c. &c. and at length devoting himself.

These tapestries, though not so glowing in their colours as the seasons, are nevertheless admirable in other respects. Pity that they should be exhibited to so little advantage; they are hung up in a room, the shape of which is so inordinate, that I question whether any two sides of it are parallel, and it is illuminated diagonally from a window, in a segment of one of the round flankers. One of the largest pieces is folded round the mixed angle at the window, so that the part of it on the concave surface has a glaring light, while that on the plain is almost in darkness. This room affords too many beautiful views of nature from without to require the sacrifice of so much art within.

The servant, who shewed the house, told me the situation was very like that of Windsor. I cannot say the likeness would have struck me, though there is at both places a tower, a castle, and a river. However, let not Windsor fastidiously disdain the comparison; for though the country round Kilkenny is not improved like that

round the most princely of the royal palaces, yet the scite of this castle is at once bold and beautiful, with almost every advantage that could be wished to decorate the scene.

It stands upon a precipice overhanging the bend of a deep and rapid river, with two stately bridges full in view: the more distant and up the stream, is composed of seven arches, that next the castle has but three, but of a very wide span, of hewn marble, in fine elliptical proportions. The sides of the river are well planted, and the subjacent town looks as if it had been built merely to be looked at: for every thing in it worth seeing, bears upon the castle, whilst every thing disfighly is, some-how or other, screened from the view. The horizon is closed, in one limb, by mountains, placed at a due distance, to give variety without horror; and if any thing is wanting to render the prospect enchanting, it is that the middle distances are destitute of that richness of cultivation, and that embellishment of country-seats, which is the capital beauty of Windsor. But Kilkenny is far more picturesque.

Windsor castle looked at, is august and venerable, but when you look from it, there is nothing to inspire those ideas. Not Eton's spires, nor Cooper's classic hill, not Clevedon's gay alcove, nor Glo'cester's gayer lodge, can furnish such a lavish variety to the landscape painter, as these Hibernian scenes. There nature has painted with her most correct pencil, here she has dashed with a more careless hand. This is the fanciful and fiery sketch of a great master, that the touched and finished work of a studious composer. Without either mountain or sea, no landscape can, in my concep-

conception, be perfect; it wants the grand attribute of sublimity.

Having observed every thing remarkable in Kilkenny, we paid attention to its environs, and among other places visited the marble mills, the finest piece of mechanism our eyes ever beheld. I think the inventor, Mr. Collis, ought to have his statue cut by the chisel of a Praxitelles. This admirable invention is situated a small mile below the town, upon the river Nore, in a delightful bottom, the passage to it through a pleasant grove. This engine, or rather the different engines, do their marvellous work by the help of the river, and are so wonderfully contrived, that they saw, bore, and polish at the same time. I am concerned, that I have not judgment enough to describe it fully as it deserves: Had I not seen any thing worthy of notice in the kingdom, but this one, I should think all my labours fully paid. Near the mill are apartments called ware-houses, where you may see such a diversity of chimney pieces, cisterns, buffets, vases, punch bowls, mugs of different dimensions, frames for looking-glasses, pictures, &c. that they would employ the eye the longest day, and yet find something to admire. The marble quarry that this precious work is formed from, is not above two hundred yards from the mill that does all these wonders; and though it is not variegated like the Italian, I am told it is full as durable, and bears as fine a polish as any brought from Italy. Though the stone in this quarry sometimes might weigh several ton, yet the method the contriver has used to lift them, draw them out, and convey them to the mill, without any other than manual operation, adds still more to the surprize. I am informed this in-

genious Gentleman sends yearly several ship loads to England. Several, I am informed, have been to examine this artful wonder, (for it is open to all) but I cannot hear that any one has attempted to imitate this machinery. It is perpetually at work, like a ship at sea, by night as well as by day, and requires little attendance.

And now, since I have mentioned so great a curiosity in art, I shall acquaint you with one of nature, that we have seen, which is called Dunmore Cave, about four miles from this city, on the other side to the north-west, as that of the mills is to the south-east. The cave is situated in the middle of a spacious field, and the mouth of this natural rarity is distinguished by a monstrous flight of different species of birds, whose numbers darken the air as you come near the mouth, and their different voices seemed to tell us we were going to view something extraordinary. The descent to the mouth is slippery and difficult, and were it not for the help of the bushes that fringe the borders, there would very few people attempt it. We were well prepared before hand with large flambeaux, as well as other different lights, and tinderboxes, with proper implements, to renew our illuminations, should the damps of the place quite extinguish them all, which, we were informed, was very often the case. When you enter the mouth, a sudden chillness seizes all parts of the body, and a dimness surrounded our lights, as if the place was filled with a thick fog; but none of our lights were extinguished. Our faces, through this gloom, looked as if we were a collection of ghosts, and the lights in our hands seemed as if we were making a visit to the infernal shades. The passage leads to the left, which brings you to a slippery

a slippery ascent, where nature has formed something like steps, by the continual dropping from the earth above you. When you have passed this first rising, the shining of the petrified water, (for I think I may justly call it so) forms so many different objects, that it is not unpleasing; and by the help of a little imagination, we might make out organ pipes, pillars, cylinders, pyramids inverted, and ten thousand various things in art, all formed from the droppings of the water. We passed on upon a slippery flooring, till we came to a narrow passage, which we crept through, sending some of our lights before us. This part enlarged itself, and the roof or top was a great height; our voices echoed as in a church, neither was it much unlike one. The bottom was pretty even, save where some pillars that were formed by nature appeared. In several places were skulls and human bones, as it were set in this chrystaline substance, but no account could be given how they came there; certainly no person ever would make it an habitation. We were informed, that two miles from the mouth was a well of wonders; but indeed none of us had curiosity or courage enough to travel so far in this subterraneous road to try its virtues; and most of us grew so cold and faint, that we longed to breathe in open air. When we came out, we thought we had abandoned the regions of the dead, to draw the air of paradise. They tell you many romantic legends of this cave.

Returning to Kilkenny, we stopped to view Dunmore-house, so called, as they say, on the following account: A lady of quality was invited by the old duke of Ormond to see this place, who told him she thought he had done a great deal at Kilkenny, but here he had *Done more*, from whence

whence his grace filled his new mansion. This was the country palace of the Ormond family. The sight only renewed matter to feed another melancholy reflection, to see so noble a proportioned body falling to the grave with a daily decay, for want of proper assistance; and if proper remedies were yet applied, it might flourish for ages. This anatomy stands on a pleasant eminence, overlooking the River Nore. The avenues that lead to it are shaded with rows of regular lofty trees, which called to our memories those walks from Petersham to Ham, in Surrey; but these have the advantage, in our opinion. The spacious garden is like a wilderness, and the park with very few deer. In short, such a place, formed by nature for grandeur or pleasure, is not often found in England.

I saw the coal mines, which are well worth seeing. The pits are principally at Castle-comber, nine miles north of Kilkenny, the estate of lord Wandesford, who is said to clear 10,000l. a year by them. If the grand canal were finished to the Barrow, he would then probably make much more, for that would open a communication with Dublin. But hills interpose, which must be pierced through for that purpose.

One would, however, think that even a canal could not much lower their price, considering the following extraordinary fact. The carriers pay 5d. per hundred weight, and sell them for 1s. 8d. in Dublin, which is above eighty English miles from the pits. Each car draws but seven hundred weight, which, with 8d. for turnpike, makes the load cost 3s. 8d. and it sells for 1rs. 8d. So that for six days travelling charges of a man and horse, there is but 8s. to say nothing of the labour

labour of both, and wear and tear of the car. They are said to be laid down in the most remote parts of the kingdom, at a price so low, that it almost puzzles calculation to make out how these wretched carriers can subsist.

These coals are universally prized for drying malt with, because they emit no smoke. A fire made of them yields a very intense heat; it does not blaze but glow, looking like lumps of red hot iron; the vapour is very dangerous, except in a room well ventilated. Though they go by the name of Kilkenny coals, there are few mines in the county; they are mostly in the next county to it. I think there is little difference between them, and what we have in London called Scotch coal, for they burn much alike. They are taken out of their mines or pits in the same manner as those in the county of Stafford. The carriages that transport them from the mines are drawn each by one poor garron, as they term them here. The wheels are one entire piece of wood, without spokes, and very low, so that the shafts gradually rise till the points come up to the shoulders of the beast. The lading is placed in a vehicle, which is called here a kish, and stands in the middle of the carriage. The kish is composed of wattles, or what we call in England wickers; and in this they will place you six hundred weight, which they convey round the country. They send large quantities to Dublin, eighty Irish miles, and find their account in it: for men and horses fare hard enough on the road, they seldom stop at any inn on the way, but whenever they meet with any grass on the borders of the road, which is generally near some running brook, they unharness their cattle and let them graze, while themselves fall to on what
simple

simple provisions they bring along with them; then, like the Tartars, they drink of the running stream, put their cattle to their carriages, and march on. I have met with sixty or seventy of these caravans, with one man to ten or more horses, who travel much at the same rate as our large waggons; and these sort of carriages preserve their roads, which are the best I ever saw. I must not forget the old distich that every one repeats here; whether true or false, I can neither aver nor contradict:

Fire, without smoak,

Air, without fog,

Water without mud,

And land without bog.

Their marble is black, variegated with white, and takes a very high polish. It is much used for chimney pieces all over the kingdom. The only manufacture here is for coarse cloths and fine blankets.

Kilkenny values itself upon its superior gentility and urbanity. It is much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as a country residence, has a stand of nine sedan chairs, and is not without the appearance of an agreeable place. I went last night to their weekly assembly, and was soon given to understand, by one of my partners, that Kilkenny has always been esteemed the most polite and well-bred part of the kingdom.

Knowing so little of this country, I am not furnished with any arguments, from either reason or authority, to dispute this pretension. My partner was so beautiful a woman, and so striking

ing an example of the doctrine she taught, that she led me away an easy captive to her opinion; for which I can see the justest grounds. This was the seat of the old Ormond family, here the last duke kept a court, as several of his predecessors had done, in a stile much more magnificent than any of the modern viceroys. The people imbibed the court manners, and manners remain long after their causes are removed.

At present, the inheritor of the castle and some of the appendant manors, a Roman catholic gentleman, affects the state of his ancestors; his wife receives company as, I am told, the old Ormond ladies used to do; she never returns visits; and people seem disposed to yield her this pre-eminence.

I made an excursion with some gentlemen to draw a net near a place called Benner's-bridge, on the Newre, three miles below Kilkenny: It is a poor mean place, but was in better condition when the road to Cork passed over its bridge. It is a very pleasant country, with a variety of gentlemen's seats; and was rendered remarkable by the duke of Ormond's review in 1704.

I am not singular in remarking that the peasants of this country are a most comely breed of men. They are generally middle sized, and have almost universally dark brown hair, and eyes of the same colour. Their complexions are clear, their countenances grave, and their faces of that oval character, which the Italian painters so much admire.

Among other places in this neighbourhood we went to take a view of the ancient town of Kells,

or Kenlis, (in Irish Kenenuse,) or rather the ruins of it. It is seated on the King's River, which falls into the Newre, between Thomas-Town and Benner's-bridge. Kells, in times past, was a place of great note for a fine priory of Augustines, built and richly endowed by Geoffry Fitz-Roberts, who came into this kingdom with Strongbow.

The prior of Kells had the title of Lord Spiritual, and, as such, sat in the house of peers before the reformation. We saw the ruins of this once famous abbey, where a synod was held in the year 1152, when John Paparo, Legate from Rome, made one of the number of bishops that were convened there at that time to settle the affairs of the church. The situation of this place has many natural charms, with a fine country round it. The church that is in being now, is of a Gothic race, as indeed are most of those we have seen where we have been hitherto.

Yesterday we went to view a place six miles down the river Newre, called Thomas-Town, in Irish Bally-Mac-Andan, that is, the town of Anthony. It was built by Thomas Fitz-Anthony, an English gentleman, that came over with Henry II. and is seated in a bottom, bordering on the river. It is an ancient borough, and sends two members to parliament. In times past it was accounted a very rich place; but at present those features are wore to a visible decay. The church is part of an old abbey, in the ruins of which is a monstrous tomb-stone, which, they say, covers the body of a giant; and the inhabitants will have it, that one of their kings had lain buried here several ages before this kingdom had submitted to the English; but we could not perceive any

any marks to assure us of it. There is a very fine bridge over the river; and from this place to Waterford the stream is navigable for small vessels. On a high hill that overlooks the town, stand the remains of a very large monastery of Augustine friars, whose noble ruins droop their awful mouldering heads, and made us even pity their decay. In short, in whatever point we turn to, all over that part of the kingdom we have hitherto travelled, we saw ruins of this kind scattered over the face of the country, which might well give it the title of the Holy Island in former ages.

From Thomas-Town I again crossed the Newre, with the Canal on my right hand, and at the distance of about three miles, passed through the little town of Knocktopher, in which I found nothing remarkable; when, keeping the Canal and river Newre on my left hand, I returned again to Kilkenny.

The counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow, are over-run with lawless ruffians, called White-boys. These are ignorant peasants, who do not chuse to pay tythes or taxes, and who in the night-time assemble sometimes to the number of many hundreds, on horseback and on foot, well armed, and with shirts over their cloaths, from whence their denomination is derived, when they stroll about the country, firing houses and barns, burying people alive in the ground, cutting their noses and ears off, and committing other barbarities on their persons. The objects of their revenge and cruelty are chiefly tythe and tax-gatherers, and landlords, who attempt to raise their rents; they never rob, neither do they molest travellers. Rewards of forty

and fifty pounds are continually advertised in the papers for apprehending any one of them, and from time to time a few of these deluded wretches (as the advertisements term them) are hanged, and escorted to the gallows by a regiment of soldiers. Excommunications are likewise read against them by their priests from the pulpit; but they are so numerous, it is not likely they will soon be extirpated.

From Kilkenny I proceeded about seven miles to the town of Callan, the last in the county of Kilkenny, which place seem to lie in the ruins Oliver left it. You see the remains of three castles, and an old church of the Gothic building, like all I have hitherto seen, on the right as you enter the town; but the roof is gone, and all the rest a meer anatomy. This place had a reputation for strength when Oliver sat down against it: but I think that reputation was soon lost; for they say Cromwel besieged it in the morning, and took it by storm before night. All that were found in arms were put to to the sword, only the troops of colonel Butler, who surrendered before the cannon fired against the town. I went to see the place where the battery was raised, upon an artificial mount, that looked to me like one of the Danish raths or forts; and had I not been informed to the contrary, I should have taken it for such. The situation of this place is very agreeable, upon a stream called the king's river, divided in two branches above the town, which meet below it, and form an aight, (as we call it on the Thames), or little pleasant island. The main stream runs under a bridge of four arches, and the small one (after driving a mill) under two. This river falls into the Nore, about nine miles from this place.

I shall

I shall give you a short account how this stream came by the royal title of King's river. Niall, a king of the race of Heremón, came with a great retinue of horse to the border of the river, in order to ford to the other side: the waters being rapid by means of a late flood, the first man that rode in to try the passage, was hurried down the stream with such violence, that he was given over for lost; which the king seeing, ordered some of his attendants that were best horsed to plunge in to rescue him; but all shuddering at the danger of the stream, were afraid to venture. The good natured monarch observing this, went himself to seek for some convenient place to plunge in with his horse; and finding one as he thought, to his purpose, was preparing to jump in, when the banks, being undermined by the violence of the torrent, broke down, and the poor prince lost his life in his pious endeavours to save one of his subjects. This fatal accident fell out in the year 859; and ever since this stream has been honoured with the title of King's river.

Upon this stream, about a mile below Callan, is a very famous iron mill, that brings great profit to the proprietors. The town is built in the form of a cross; and in the centre a cross is erected, with a square glass lanthorn that gives light in the night to travellers that come from the four cardinal points of the compass. One would imagine this town should be in a more thriving condition, since the two great roads of Cork and Limerick go thro' it. There is one handsome seat, just out of the town, in the Limerick road, belonging to a gentleman of the Ormond family; but we had not an opportunity of seeing the inside.

side. It was market-day when we stopped there, where we observed great numbers of what they call the ancient Irish race. Men and women mostly wore large frize cloaks, though a warm day. The women's heads were wrapped up in thick handkerchiefs besides their ordinary head dress. We observed a man mounted upon a little horse, that most of the others seemed to pay an extraordinary respect to, tho' I thought neither his figure, or dress, seemed to draw it upon him. I had the curiosity to ask a gentleman in our company the meaning of paying him so much civility, who informed us that person was of an ancient race, and derived his birth from some of the noted clans in the county; and though the patrimony might have been in the hands of others for more than seven centuries, yet from father to son, since that time, the survivor still calls the estate his, though not a penny of the profits ever come into his pocket; but he enjoys it in imagination, and when he talks concerning it, says, "My house, my land, my mountains, meadows, and rivers, &c." They are often allowed a cabin, and a small parcel of ground rent free, or on a trifling acknowledgement from the proprietor, and expect to be treated with the utmost respect by every one. The old Irish give him the title of his ancestors, make him and his lady (if he has one) little presents, cultivating his spot of ground, not suffering him or his to do the least work to degrade his airy title. I own this account, (if true, and I have no reason to contradict it) gave me a secret pleasure: it called to my memory an idea of many ages past; and when I observed this man, I looked upon him as one of the ancient Milesian race, so much renowned for their wisdom and victories, even before christianity had a being

a being in the world. Alas! let us think what Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman greatness were, and the state they now are in.

In the year 1407, in the reign of Henry IV. there was a terrible battle fought at Callan, between the English and the rebellious Irish; and after a hard struggle for victory, the rebels were entirely defeated. An Irish historian tells us, that the sun was so complaisant as to stand still while the English forces travelled six miles; but I cannot find the use of it: I believe he might as well have gone about his business. An Irish poet of those times wrote, in his own language, the following lines, which a gentleman translated as near the original as possible.

At Callan, 'tis said, the sun it stood still,
To see the bold English the Irishmen kill:
But when the rebellious were put to the rout,
He lash'd up his steeds, and whipt him about;
Then gallop'd amain to regain the time lost,
And came in the nick to his westerly post.
So gapers, on errands, when time is in waste,
Run as fast as they can, to make the more haste.

Having left Callan, in about three miles we entered the county of Tipperary and province of Munster, and soon after to a place called the Nine-mile house, where there is but one inn, and a cabin or two, with a deserted barrack, originally built to check the Kelly-mount gang. The road from Callan hence, I believe, has an ascent for about a mile, somewhat bending, before which is a fine level country. This hill is called Killcash, and half a mile below is a noble house or castle, the seat of the Butlers, from thence called Butlers, of Killcash. From the top of this hill
the

the prospect of the country is delightful and extensive, and abundantly repays the labour of ascending it. On the right you have a fine view of Clonmell, and on the left Carrick-on-Sure, and beyond both, as far as the reach of sight, the eye can never be tired. Such a lovely view! they may well call it the Golden Vale, intermixed with lofty woods, or rather groves, that rise above the fields and meadows, through which several noble seats peep out, whose glittering windows, with the reflection of the rising sun, and its beams playing in different parts of the river Sure, made it extremely pleasing. This fine prospect is bounded on the south, with ridges of hills, called the Mountains of Waterford, and somewhat nearer by several others equally beautiful. Here the country assumed a very different appearance from what I had before observed. The inauspicious operation of pasturage became, however, visible before I left Leinster. For ten or twelve miles on this side of Kilkenny, the soil was far from rich, it was rather indeed poor; yet it was pretty well cultivated, the fields were enclosed with hedges and ditches, and the country embellished with houses and plantations. But, as the ground improves, on approaching the borders of Munster, agriculture ceases, and not a house, not a hedge, not a ditch is to be seen. The country is abdicated by the human species, and peopled with sheep.

Nor was the change less evident in the manners of the people. There was nothing in them, however, that could remind you of the golden age; no resemblance of that simplicity attributed by poets to the shepherd state; nothing like that surly awkwardness of our English clowns, who have one general answer, "I don't know," to almost

almost every question a stranger asks. These peasants have no sheepishness about them, are under no embarrassment when you speak to them, seem never at a loss, but are blessed with an abrupt and sudden promptitude of reply.

It may not, perhaps, be difficult to account for this obvious contrast. Our peasantry, intent upon their own proper affairs, are not at the expense of thinking upon other subjects; whereas these poor men, having neither labour nor trade to engage their attention, are more occupied with other people's affairs than their own; *excuss propriis aliena negotia curant*.

At Killcash we avoided the road to Clonmell, and turned to the left hand about five miles, when we arrived at a town called Carrick-on-Sure, to distinguish it from another of the same name on the Shannon. Here is a handsome bridge over the river, with arches wide enough for boats to pass and repass. Its situation is very pleasant, and it has been a place of great strength, as appears by its castles in ruins. There is a very good horse-barrack formed from one of them. Here the best sort of frieze is manufactured. Near this place is a park with the largest white-thorn trees in it I ever saw. Here too are the ruins of a fine old house, that formerly belonged to the late duke of Ormond. This place was first built by the Danes, and, after the conquest, was new fortified by Robert Fitz-Stephen, who made it his residence, till forced from thence by the rebellious Irish, who chased him to the walls of Cork. It was taken by Colonel Reynolds, an officer in Cromwell's army, without the loss of a man; and all its fortifications were destroyed by Cromwell's order. Every one that knows the

character of Oliver, can tell he was an inveterate enemy to the Roman clergy. We were told a story, that one of them, dreading the fury of the soldiers, secretly retired to the house of an eminent lady in the town, put on a woman's head attire, slipped into bed, and when the soldiers rushed into the chamber, imitated the female cries of a woman in labour; which counterfeit was helped on by the lady and her female attendants. When the soldiers understood, what they thought the truth, they decently retired, and set a guard on the house, that the good woman in pain should not be disturbed on any account. The priest's first fears being partly over, they consulted how he should make his escape out of the town; for there was no safety within the walls for him. He was dressed as a woman from head to foot; when that was done, the lady sent to a proper officer for permission to send two of her servants to a neighbouring village for a midwife, and her request was granted. A horse was accordingly prepared, with a pillion and saddle; the servant mounted first, and the soldiers, out of good-nature, assisted the priest in setting him behind the man; by which stratagem he got himself delivered out of the hands of his enemies.

From Carrick we crossed the river over the bridge, where we entered the county of Waterford, and proceeded about five miles to a place called Clonlea, a small place which gave us neither entertainment nor amusement; here we crossed a branch of the Sure, and proceeded to a small town called Kilmachomas, about five miles from the sea coast. Here are some barracks; from thence we crossed the Bonmahon river, on which it is situated, and about two miles farther Foxe's castle, on the river, nearly close on the road

road. From thence, about eight miles further, we arrived at Dungarvan, a sea port town, at the bottom of a good bay. It is walled round, and defended by a castle. We made no stay here, but proceeded ten miles further, with the sea on our left hand, over Slewgun Mountains, to Youghall, in the counry of Cork.

The situation is agreeable and romantic; but the harbour, in my opinion, is rather too open to be accounted the best. It butts directly upon the sea, which, we were told, has gained upon the strand within these few years: For it is not long since the strand was esteemed proper for a horserace; but now the sea has worn so many deep holes in it, that it is utterly spoiled for that diversion.

The town consists chiefly of one large street, with a few outlets on each side. The barracks are neat enough, but would contain twice the number that now occupy them. Youghall, we are told, was formerly a place of good trade; but I own, by the countenance it at present carries, it seems to be long in mourning for the want of it. While our dinner was preparing, we took a walk through its long, wide, empty street, without meeting ten people, even on the quay itself. There were three small vessels at anchor, but they seemed to us as idle as Westminster-hall in the long vacation; and yet this town, by act of parliament, is one of the ports allowed for the exportation of wool from this kingdom to England, Wales, &c.

The custom-house is pretty enough; but I believe the officers are not much troubled. In short, it seems an heartless, dejected place. Its walls

are turned to an anatomy, and even the stones reduced to ashes; yet it formerly held out for the crown against the rebel Desmond, in the reign of queen Elizabeth: he besieged this place, and for want of promised assistance the town yielded; but the mayor was hanged by order of this victorious male-content, in the year 1579.

This town submitted to Cromwell notwithstanding, in the year 1648, the corporation had proclaimed king Charles II. king of England, &c. At this port Oliver embarked for England after his incredible successes in this kingdom. The inhabitants seem to have worn the badge of loyalty, more especially since the Protestant succession; and at the year 1678, I found an order in their records, That no Papist should buy or barter any thing in their public markets; and in the year 1704, there was but one Popish Priest in the town of Youghall, and its precincts.

We observed the ruin or the ruins of two abbeys, one at the north, and the other at the south of the town. There are the remains of a spacious building, the college, upon a lovely eminence, which we ascended by a great many steps. Some of the apartments are kept in repair. From the top of this building we had a charming prospect. The garden of this old place was in tolerable order. The college, or abbey was dedicated to St. Mary; and here also are the remains of a Franciscan house, built by an earl of Kildare in 1232 which was Cromwell's head quarters for some time. There are several monuments belonging to some branches of the Boyles, particularly of Roger Boyle, famous for his art of war, and some dramattick pieces.

This

This place is divided into the upper and lower town; and the walls, which form almost a square are standing, but of little use. The large extended strand of Youghall, as far as the lowest ebbs uncover it, and probably much further, is no other than a common turf bog, covered over with sand and pebbles; from whence not only good turf is dug every season, but also great quantities of timber trees, such as fir, hazel, &c. have been found. Some years ago a skeleton of a monstrous animal was discovered in this strand, one of whose shoulder bones weighed above an hundred weight. This strand some years ago, I am informed, was entirely divested of all its sand and gravel, and was left quite bare by violent high winds, when great quantities of roots of various trees lay exposed to view. At the entrance of the harbour, may be seen the remains of the foundation of a mill standing on a rock, which shews that the ocean has greatly encroached on this shore, nor can a large buttress of very large stones resist its fury. Near Ring Point several moose deer horns have been dug up. At Clay-castle the ground rises considerably, forming a promontory, and even this has been encroached on by the sea. This hill stands about a mile south west of the town, and affords a very entertaining scene to the curious naturalist; for the pieces of the bank which break off and are washed down by the sea, are by degrees petrified into a very hard firm grit as solid as any stone. The hill seems perfectly dry, without any spring, in which this petrifying quality can reside, which seems to exist entirely in the clay; and in many respects agrees with that of Harwich Cliff in England. At the extreme point of Ring is a most extensive point of view.

A little way up the river from the town, on a bold point of land, stands the ruined castle of Rincrew, once an house of the Knights Templars. In the neighbourhood of Youghall, there are the following seats: Bally Virgone, a pretty plantation, and remarked for having a liquorice tree, and a large fir brought from Newfoundland. Bally-daniel, on the west side of the bay, from whence is an extensive prospect of the sea coast and ocean. Near it is a subterraneous river, as is another more considerable at Castlemartyr. Bally-macoda, a castle built in 1521. Mount Uniack, in the parish of Killeigh, from whence is a very extensive prospect. In the gardens are orange, plantane and cyprus trees. About three miles south west is the castle of Inchiquin, near which are some plantations of witch elms, which bear seed.

Having staid some time at Youghall, and its environs, we set out towards Cloyne, and passed a herony at Clonprest, and somewhat farther west the castle of Ightermuragh, which is well built and one of the most modern structures of this kind in the country. About a mile south of Castlemartyr, is a handsome seat, called Supple's court, situated on a rising ground, and enjoys an extensive prospect of all the improvements and new river of Castlemartyr, which is a pretty borough town, with a handsome church. The high road from Cork to Youghall, formerly laid more to the south, and ran by the castles of Ightermuragh, Ballytotas, &c. of which road there are still several traces. Here is an alms-house, and a charter-school, with a spinning-school for the encouragement of the linen manufacture. It is a small town, well watered, with the

the ruins of an ancient castle, and in it an elegant house of the earls of Orrery. To the south of the house are the gardens, and artificial river, lately made, which surrounds it and the town, and is one of the greatest undertakings of this kind in the kingdom. It is regularly banked, and its sides planted; at the east end of the town it is broken into several cascades, it is a great ornament to this part of the country, and after meandering a considerable way, empties itself into another river, that discharges itself into Youghall bay. About a mile south east of Castlemartyr, a river called the Dour, breaks out of a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course of about a mile, having its rise near Mogeely. Not far from Castlemartyr, is the ruined castle of Ballyrenane, situated near the east end of the strand of Ballycotton; this strand is four miles long, both smooth and level; the point of Ring, forms the east side of this bay, and Ballycotton point and island, the west extremity of it.

The shore towards the west, rounds in a large semicircle, like the hollow of a fine amphitheatre. The island is an high small spot, which in the proper season, I was informed, is almost covered with nests of various sea-fowls, and puffins eggs. From this island may be seen Kingsale-head, and the mouth of Cork harbour.

Two miles west of this strand, is the castle of Ballymaloe, now a good seat; but was ruined in 1641, after which it was repaired, and some new buildings added. In this castle hall are two pair of the horns of Moose deer, one of which measured from tip to tip ten feet three inches; the breadth of the palm thirty two inches; from the vertex or the head to the nose twenty inches.

Adjoining

Adjoining to this castle are some good gardens and plantations. About a mile further to the west is Cloyne, situated about ten miles west of Youghall, and one mile from the sea coast. It is the see of a bishop, but a small mean place of little trade. The cathedral is built in the form of a cross, and is a decent gothic building; the choir, in which is a good organ, is neatly finished. It is seventy feet long, and the nave about one hundred and twenty. On each side are lateral aisles, besides the cross aisles, divided by gothic arches, five on each side. At the entrance of the choir is a handsome portal of wood. The stalls, bishop's throne, the pulpit, and the pews, are well executed, as is the altar-piece. The bishop's palace is large and convenient, and was rebuilt the beginning of this century. Near the church stands one of those round towers, peculiar to this kingdom, ninety-two feet high and ten feet diameter. The door is about thirteen feet from the ground, which faces the west entrance of the church, as the doors of these kind of buildings generally do. The soil in this neighbourhood is a loamy grey earth, mixed with sand, affording plenty of wheat, &c. In Cloyne is a small castle, said to have been erected by the Fitzgeralds. About a mile west of the town, is castle Mary, a good seat, enjoying an agreeable prospect of the harbour of Cork. This place was formerly called Cór's Rock, from the remains of a druid's altar near the house, which consists of a large stone, fifteen feet long, and eight broad, of a rough irregular figure, nearly oval. The highest part from the ground is nine feet, supported by three other great stones. From Cloyne it is twelve miles by land to Cork, through a track of land as beautiful as pen can describe; and near it are several

several gentlemen's seats, particularly two miles west of Cloyne, is Rostilian, built on the site of a castle, long since destroyed. It is at present the seat of the earl of Inchiquin, a most noble edifice, pleasantly situated at the south east side of the harbour of Cork, where the tide flows to the garden wall. On a terras near the water, are some small pieces of cannon mounted, which, upon firing, render several echos through the various hills that surround the harbour. Here I saw two pair of those fossil horns, known by the name of Moose-horns. From hence is a most extensive prospect, which is terminated on the west by the islands of Spike, and Hawlbowl, and to the north by the Great Island. Near the house is a noble park. To the south west, near the harbour's mouth, is Cork-beg, a good seat, built on a peninsula, to which is a narrow isthmus from the main land; near it are the ruins of an old castle, and a decayed church. More to the south, on the sea-side, is an old seat, called Trabolgan. On the western side of Cork harbour, within the mouth, is an high round land, called Corribiny Point, on its summit is one of the antient Tumuli, raised to the memory of some eminent warrior; in order to have the better view of it, as well as the harbour and city of Cork, we procured a boat, and proceeded by water to that city, in whose environs abound delightful spots of land, seemingly fruitful and well cultivated, as well as many good houses, ruined castles, and decayed churches, beautifully situated.

This harbour is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain; the entrance is free, open and bold; but we were surprized to find there was not the least fortification to defend the harbour. There are indeed the remains of

an old fort on the right hand, as you enter between the two headlands. The mouth of the channel is narrow, and the cannon may reach from shore to shore. Where the ruins of the Old Fort stand, the cape is very high, and the channel is not an hundred yards from the shore. Dog's Nose-Point, as they call it, which is farther up the harbour, is another formidable situation; when you are in, you come to anchor off a village called Cove, when you are land-locked, and secured from all danger. Here are two islands called Spike and Hawlbowlung that serve as bulwarks to protect vessels riding at anchor from being damaged by the tide of ebb, or floods off the land. On the latter of these islands are the remains of an old fortification, erected about the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which commanded all vessels of burthen passing up to Cork. Under this island we saw several elegant yawls and pleasure boats, belonging to a society formed by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, who meet here every Saturday during the summer half year, to dine and make merry, in an apartment which they have fitted up for that purpose, very commodiously, among the ruins of these buildings. Many people of consequence and fashion have seats bordering upon the harbour; and they exhibit a most pleasing appearance. One side of Cork harbour is formed by the great island, formerly called Barrymore Island, from its belonging to that family. As a defence to this passage, the only one by which the island can be entered at low water, stands Belvelly Castle, near it is Bonayne's Grove, a pretty seat, and Ballydelea, another good seat. On the East Ferry is Ballgrove, with its fine terras, half a mile long, the finest of the kind in the country. On the north is Ashgrove. The first earl of Orre-

ry tells us, in one of his letters, that this island is very fertile, about six miles in circumference, and a pass of such consequence, that were he an enemy, about to invade this kingdom, it is one of the first places he would secure, as being near equally distant from Cork, Youghall, and King-fale. This island is something more than four miles long, and two broad; the land is every where high and steep; and all round it is great depth of water.

The principal place here is Cove, which is only inhabited by fishermen, and a few custom-house officers: it is built upon the side of the hill, so very steep, that the houses stand almost one upon another; they have a good effect upon the eye, being white-washed; but this cleanliness, which is much affected all through the country, is mere outside, true hypocrisy; for within they are very dirty. This island is about eight English miles from Cork; it contains some few good houses, and a very decent parish-church. To the left is the other small island, called Spike's island, a noted place for smuggling; for small vessels, at high water, steal in unseen by the officers at Cork. A stranger when he has passed this straight, would imagine he was entirely land-locked, and would be gazing for the city of Cork; indeed I took the ruins of an old castle, called Moncks Town, to belong to that city, till informed otherwise. Somewhat further on the left are the Giants stairs, formed by nature, but our boatmen insisted they were made by art. A little higher in this gut, is a horse-ferry to the main land from Cove. From Cove we were rowed up to Passage.

Here all ships of burden unlade, and their cargoes are carried up to Cork, either on small

cars, drawn by one horse, or in vessels of small size, the channel higher up admitting only those of one hundred and fifty tons burthen, though the harbour stretches above a mile from shore to shore. There are but few houses at Passage.

From Passage to Cork the view is extremely pleasant, and exhibits a variety of beautiful landscapes, which the genius, fancy, and spirit of Poussin, or Claude Loraine, could never exceed. The road is carried, for some distance, along the side of the river Lea, which is adorned with pleasant islands. One of these is called L'Isle, or the Little Island, which denomination it bears to distinguish it from Barrymore, or the Great Island; it contains about one thousand six hundred Irish acres, and is three miles distant from the city of Cork, nearly two miles long, and one broad; there are three or four good houses built on it, with convenient offices: it is part of the estate of the present lord L'Isle. There runs throughout this whole island a stratum of lime-stone, which is the more remarkable, as there is nothing like it to be found in any of the neighbouring quarries on the northern coast, which, however near, contain no other than a red gritty stone.

The main channel is very broad, but not proportionably deep. The lands, on the opposite shore, rise into gentle hills, which no where aspire too high; and are ornamented with several neat country seats, pleasant gardens, and thriving plantations, belonging to the merchants of Cork.

Cork is a city large and extensive, beyond my expectation. I had been taught to think worse of it, in all respects, than it deserves; it was described

scribed as the magazine of nastiness; and as it is the great shambles of the kingdom, I was predisposed to credit these reports; but it is really as clean, in general, as the metropolis. The slaughter-houses are all in the suburbs, and there, indeed, the gale is not untainted; but in the city, properly so called, all is tolerably clean, and consequently sweet. If sufficient care were taken, even the suburbs might be purged of every thing offensive, either to the sight or smell; for they stand upon the declivity of hills, and down each street there is a copious flow of water, perpetually washing down the filth, from the door of each slaughter-house into the river Lea, that entirely surrounds the city, which is about three miles long, and not quite two in breadth.

It is finely watered by two branches of the river, that divides about a mile above the city. This river takes its rise from Lough-Loo, near a village called Inchy-geelah, in the barony of Muskerry. One of its divided branches runs on the north side of the town, and the other on the south, under two neat new-built bridges. It is not navigable above the town but for small boats, neither is it in art to make it so. By canals cut for that purpose, it runs through many parts of the city, but is not fresh till it runs off to low water-mark. The water for the use of the kitchen is fetched from above the town; and what is drank by the inhabitants is brought from My Ladies Well, a place much resorted to before the reformation, and where, even now, the Roman Catholicks come to pay their devotion. There is another well, that has, in former ages, been celebrated for the wonderful cures it performed; but, since the dissolution of abbeys,

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was choaked up, till lately cleansed. They have many good springs in the parts adjacent to the city.

The island where the city stands, is intersected with several canals, either natural or artificial, which, being banked and quayed in, bring up ships almost to every street. The city, whose situation is partly on a rising ground on the north and south, and the middle on a level. The main street between the gates is very broad, but the other part is mostly composed of lanes, cutting the main streets at right angles, and so narrow, that one of them, which is but ten feet wide, is called Broad-lane. The houses are old, and far from being elegant in appearance. A new city has been added to the old one since the year 1718, which the industrious inhabitants have gained from the sea or marshy ground; most parts of which retain the names of their respective founders, as Dunscombe's Marsh, Hammond's Marsh, &c. The building of the streets in this new acquired ground, is mostly after the English taste. On the new quays, indeed, there are some good looking buildings, which they are obliged to weather-plate; and this they do in a manner so neat as to render it almost ornamental, but the external appearance of which, however, is not the best; the apartments are in every respect elegant, and the tables plentifully and neatly furnished. The inhabitants are hospitable and generous: they are rich, and deal largely in provisions, many of our fleets, both of merchantmen and ships of war, touching her to victual, which they do at a cheap rate; yet to us the place was dear enough, not less so than London.

There are two large stone bridges, one to the north,

north, and the other to the south, over the grand branches of the Lea, besides several small ones, and some draw-bridges thrown over the lesser branches or canals. The inhabitants are computed to be eighty thousand, the majority of whom are Roman catholicks, and in a necessitous condition.

I have not heard a bell in any of the churches too good for the dinner-bell of a country squire. But here is something infinitely better. Here is the busy bustle of prosperous trade, and all its concomitant blessings. All the wealth of Munster and Connaught passes through two or three cities, which may be said to have eaten up the surrounding country, where the wretched peasant never tastes the flesh of the cattle which he feeds, but subsists upon potatoes, generally without butter, and sometimes even without milk. Smith's History of Cork, quoting Stanihurst, reports that twenty years ago Cork was but the third city in Munster; now it is the second in the kingdom, and therefore called the Bristol of Ireland.

Except in the article of linen, its exports are more considerable than those of Dublin. The balance of trade, I should conceive, to be against Dublin, the trade of which chiefly consists in the importation of luxuries; whereas Cork deals almost entirely in exporting the necessaries of life, as beef, pork, butter, hides, tallow, &c.

There are two gates, the north and south; though prisons for debtors and malefactors, they are beautiful buildings, the river Lea passing with its divided stream on the outside of each. The high street, terminated by these two gates, I believe is near an English mile in length. There

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was a third gate, within these few years to the east, with a draw-bridge and port-cullis, but removed to give way to the new buildings on the Marsh. They have two markets weekly, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and then the high streets and lanes adjacent are so crowded it is hard to pass. I own I had not curiosity enough to count them, but I am credibly informed, that in the the high-street alone, there are upwards of fifty lanes, that branch out on each side.

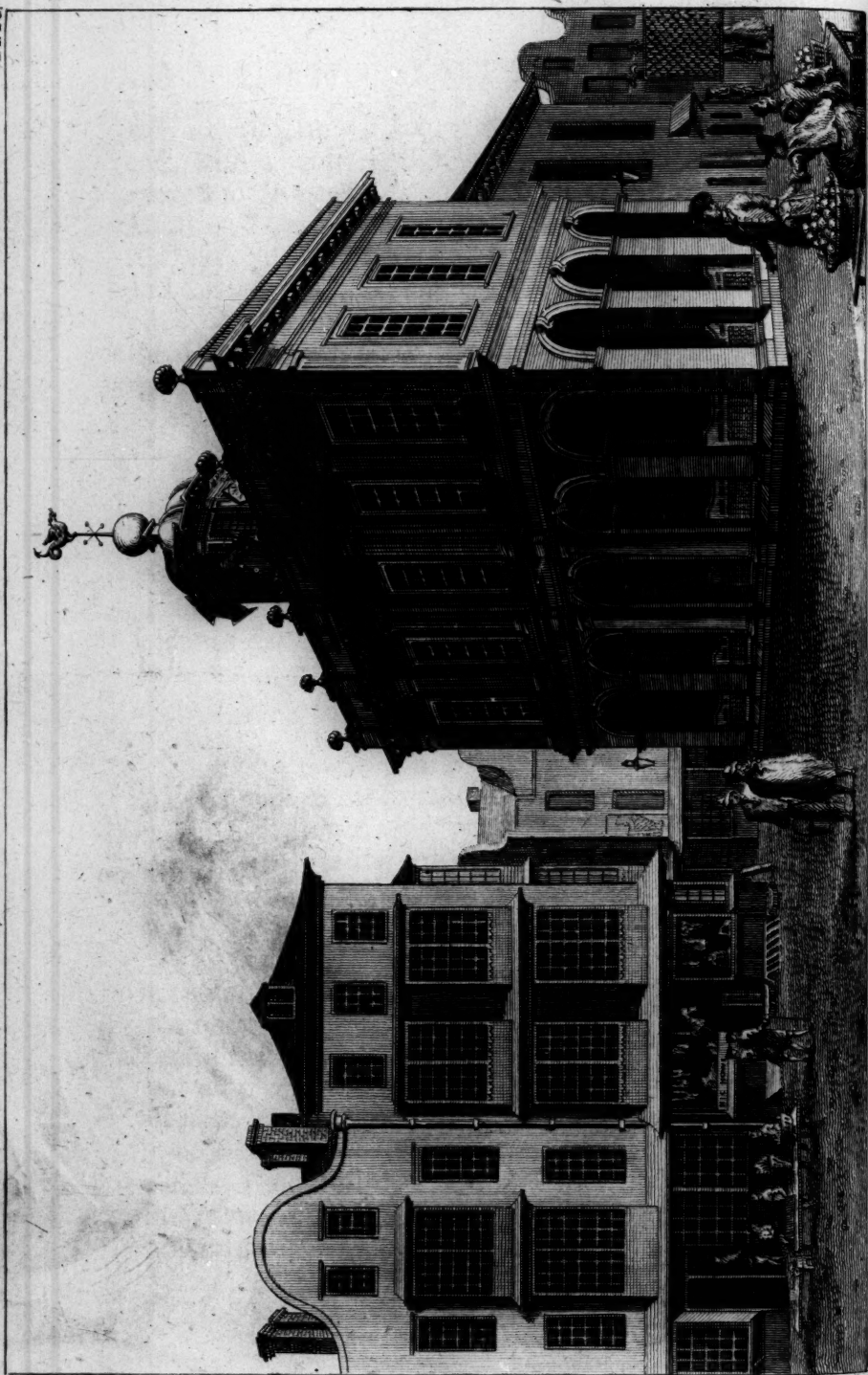
The floods sometimes do great damage to the merchants and traders here; and the inhabitants have been sometimes obliged to pass from house to house in boats, in the very middle of the high-street. It is true, these inundations come but seldom; but the houses upon the quays prepare for it every winter, by providing materials to stop up the doors of the warehouses, &c.

Near the north gate is an old tower, (the remains, as I am informed of a larger building) called Skiddy's Castle, which is now converted into a magazine for powder, where is kept a constant guard.

The Custom-house is a handsome brick building, with angles, window-cases, and door frames of stone: it was erected at the expence of George I. and is surrounded by a good quay, with cranes, and all proper conveniencies for landing goods, close to the north channel of the river, which is indifferently wide here, with a new cut to load vessels almost round it, where they can bring their sides to the wharf, and lade and unlade at pleasure.

The market-house is a very handsome new pile,





pile, built in the Italian taste, with a fine open piazza; but it is placed in a nook of the city in a bye-lane, which much obscures the beauty of the building. Leading to the north end of it, is another artificial canal, that lands within ten paces of the market-house.

The Exchange (that makes a break in the High-street, and, in some sort, I judge to be a fault, because in that part it narrows the passage in the very middle of it) is small for such an opulent trading city, but a very neat building, erected 1708; it is supported by substantial pillars, and opens to the north and west sides.

The county Court-house, where the judges sit to hear causes at the assizes, is a very handsome building, clean, large, and well ornamented; it stands near the Tholsel, but is more obscured than the market-place; for this is thrown back from a narrow street, and when the front door of the passage is closed, the building is almost hid from the eye. It is supposed to be built on part of the antient king's residence, and is still called the King's Old Castle. The Flesh-market between that and the Tholsel, is no very agreeable neighbour.

Fronting the Tholsel or Exchange, is the Fish-market, in another lane; but this situation is very convenient, a double cut stream running on each side, which is a means of rendering it sweet and clean. About a hundred and fifty paces to the west of this market, on Hammond's Marsh, is a very handsome large bowling-green, planted on its margins with trees, kept regularly cut, whose shade make it a pleasant walk, particularly in a morning.

Before the reformation, there were no less than fifteen convents of religious belonging to this city. A place called Friar's-walk, was part of the garden of that called the Red-Abbey, belonging to the Cisterians; another on the south, whose tower, and some part of the church, are still remaining, is metamorphosed into a sugar-house. These remains are yearly decaying; but the master of the sugar-house, as time throws down the materials, piles them up in the Chancel, and will not suffer them to be made use of upon any occasion.

The Protestant churches are seven; yet there are but three worth notice. The cathedral, at Finbar's, or St. Barry's, was built by St. Finbar, the first bishop of this diocese, in the year of redemption 630. His festival was kept the 27th of September. It stands on the south part of the branch of the Lea, and is without the gate, in a very pleasant church-yard, shaded with rows of trees planted uniform. It was rebuilt in the reign of the late king, by a parliamentary tax upon coals imported into Cork. It is a spacious structure of the Doric order; but the tower near it is a mean spirical structure, low and poorly built.

St. Mary Shandon, beyond the north bridge, stands upon a rising ground, is a handsome building, with a high square tower, erected from the foundation a few years ago.

There is also another new church, within an hundred paces of the south gate, much the handsomest in the city. As we came up the harbour, it appeared to be seated in the centre of the buildings;

ings; but it is not so. The foundation is bad, and the tower has given way, so that it seems dangerous.

The other four churches are very indifferent, and the old remains of the former monasteries, I think, too inconsiderable to be taken notice of.

In the reign of Edw. IV. there were eleven churches in Cork; now there are but seven. Yet it has ever since that time been esteemed a thriving city, and in the memory of man it is said to have been doubled. But the state of population cannot be ascertained from the number of churches; for if our ancestors had not more religion than we have, they were certainly more addicted to building religious houses.

To see the reason, why the number of churches has decreased with increasing population, we should recollect that in the time of Edward the IVth, they had but one religion, that now they have many; and that the catholics out-number all other denominations, seven to one at least.

As the Romanists adhere religiously to all their old institutions, in the number and division of parishes, and as they have now but seven mass-houses, in so large and populous a city, we may fairly suppose that there were no more parishes in Edward's time; though there might have been eleven churches, reckoning in that number the chapels belonging to the four monasteries, which were then in Cork, viz. St. Dominick's, St. Francis's, the Red Abbey, and the Cill Abbey.

It must too be observed, that though the monasteries are destroyed, the monks remain to this day,

day, and have regular service in their distinct houses, as in the parish mass-houses; in all of which they have a succession of services, on Sundays and holy days, from early in the morning, till late at night, for the accommodation of their numerous votaries.

Besides these eleven mass-houses, there are four dissenting meeting-houses, belonging to Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and French Protestants. The prevalence of the popish interest in Cork, may be argued from the following trivial circumstance: bidding a fellow whom I had picked up for my Ciceroni, to conduct me from the cathedral to the bishop's house, he asked me which bishop? The same conclusion I drew at Kilkenny, from another trifle; I there heard the titular bishop greeted in the style of his dignity.

On Sunday morning early, I stepped into one of their mass-houses, and a spacious one it was. The priest had just finished the celebration of mass. On the altar stood six candles. A servitor came in, after the priest had withdrawn, and, kneeling before the altar, he entered the rails, like those of our chancels; and, after kneeling again, he snuffed out two of the candles; then he kneeled again, and snuffed out two more; he kneeled a fourth time, and extinguished the fifth; the sixth he left burning.

There were several elegant carriages standing before the door when I entered, and a prodigious crowd of people in the street, as motley an assemblage of human creatures as I had ever seen. There was a multitude of beggars imploring alms in the Irish language, some in a high, and some
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in a low key. Some of them measured out tones as if singing, but in accents the most unmusical that ever wounded the human ear.

Not content with what I saw at mafs, I afterwards went to the new church, near the South-gate, the steeple of which exactly answered Shakespeare's description in flogging "to its foundation:" which argues the fenny bottom whereon it stands. I was, however, delighted with the contrast I found here. The service was, throughout, performed with the utmost decency and propriety; they had a good organ, and the finging was remarkably good. The embellishments of the church were neither rich nor studied, but they were neat and plain; and the audience had truly as much the air of opulence and elegance, as most of the congregations in the city of London.

After service they generally betake themselves to a public walk, called the Mall; which is no more than a very ill-paved quay upon one of their canals, with a row of trees on one side, and houses on the other. It is a pleasure, however, to see that they are filling up this canal, and several others, where the water having no current, must have become obnoxious to the air in hot weather. On a bridge, thrown over this canal, is an equestrian statue of his late Majesty, executed in bronze by an artist of Dublin, in 1761. This with a pedestrian of lord Chatham, of white marble, by Wilton, which cost the corporation 450l. and one in plaister of Paris, lately painted white, and properly repaired, of king William III. in the Mayoralty-house, are the only statues in this large city.

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If this street was well paved, and the Mall flagged, it would be as ornamental to the town, as agreeable to the ladies. There is another public walk called the Redhouse-walk, west of the city, cut through very low grounds, for a mile in length, planted on each side; where the lower sort walk; and on leaving the Mall, I found it crowded with people, in general, very decently dressed.

They have a neat theatre, built by Barry, where the Dublin company exhibits during the summer.

In a large room, with white walls, badly lighted, and not encumbered with ornament, there is an assembly, once a fortnight, at which you will find some very handsome females, dressed in the pink of the mode.

This city is ornamented with several charity-schools, alms-houses, and a neat infirmary for the conveniency of the poor, all well attended, properly regulated, and amply endowed.

There are no hackney-coaches here; but there are plenty of chairs, or sedans. Their fare is but fourpence for carrying you from one end of the city to the other. Indeed, if they carry you through the gates, they will demand sixpence; but this is an act of their own making. These vehicles are extremely convenient for the followers of Bacchus, who has a great number of votaries in this city. This vice is, in a great measure, owing to their riches and commerce, which brings a great resort of sailors, who it is well known, are one and all devoted to that deity. One of the

the coffee-houses is conducted somewhat like those in London. The taverns are pretty good, and very cheap; port-wine is better here than any where else I have been, and porter is more common than in any part of England, out of London. This article alone costs Ireland a prodigious sum, I have heard above 40,000*l.* yearly. By means of the draw back, this liquor is sold as cheap abroad as at home. Ought it not to be the policy of the legislature of this kingdom, to lighten, or even take off the duty on beer, in order to encourage their own breweries? Among other things, I was here shewn a set of knives and forks, whose handles were made of a bony substance, or excrescence, that grew out of the heels of the wonderful ossified body of the man I saw in Trinity College, Dublin; he was a native of this place. These bones grew in the form of a cock's-spur, but much larger, as you may easily imagine, since the handles are of a common size. They were not sawed off, but fell yearly, like the horns of a stag, without any force, or pain to the limbs that bore them. They were well polished, and of a very hard substance, equal to ivory, though not so white.

It is argued, that the situation of Cork cannot be healthful, as it is built upon a marsh, intersected with canals, and surrounded by a large river. Yet the bills of mortality, and even the antecedent reason of the thing, prove the contrary; for the waters in these canals are never stagnant, but always rapid in their current, which communicates motion to the air, and brushes off all noxious vapours that might be supposed to arise.

The island was formerly wall'd round to defend it

it against the incursions of the neighbouring Septs, with whom it was in a perpetual warfare; it having been originally built by the Danes, (long before the English had any footing in the kingdom) whom the native Irish, to this very day, hold in detestation. The walls were repaired by king John.

The high lands, which, on both sides the river, command the town, forbid it to be a place of any defence against cannon. The barracks, on the south side of the town, are formed from the old citadel, whose ruins seem to tell us it was formerly a formidable place; it is built on an eminence, to look into the town, and command its obedience. The gate, and several parts of the wall, more especially to the west, are of the old fortification.

It sustained a short siege against the forces of Oliver Cromwell, who stormed the south gate, and compelled the inhabitants to surrender; for the terror of his arms and fear of his cruelty flew before him, and damped the spirits of the bravest. He ordered the bells to be taken out of all the churches of the city, and sent to the foundery, where they were converted into battering cannon, and the churches have been without them ever since. Even one of his own party admonished him upon this occasion, telling him, the inhabitants would look upon such an order as a relative to sacrilege: Oliver calmly replied, "Since gun-powder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to promote them into cannons; meaning it as a pun upon the canons of the church. However, in 1603, the inhabitants refused to acknowledge king James the First to the crown of England, till it was confirmed

firmed by the pope; they shut their gates against the president of Munster, possessed themselves of the king's stores, and acted in open rebellion! The insurgents swore they would not lay down their arms, unless publickly permitted to go to mass. They were guilty of many outrages against the Protestants, and committed great irregularities; which were, however, put an end to, by the arrival of lord Mounjoy, lord lieutenant of the kingdom; to whom, being unable to resist his power, they surrendered. He punished some of the ringleaders with death; but behaved, upon the whole, with great lenity and moderation: and having rebuilt Elizabeth Fort, which was a square fortification, with four regular bastions on the south side of the town, by way of citadel, he set out for Limerick, to quell some disturbances of the same nature there, in which he had equal success.

In 1690, it held out five days against William III.'s army, commanded by the prince of Wirtemberg and the earl of Marlborough, to whom the garrison surrendered prisoners of war. Here the young duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II. was killed in his twentieth year.

But if Cork is ill placed for resisting the calamities of war, it is happily situated for obtaining the blessings of peace, by universal commerce. It is evidently most convenient for the western world; and, what to some may appear paradoxical, it lies more advantageously for the East-Indies than any of the English ports. From this fortunate situation, Cork has grown into such importance, as to be one of the third-rate cities in the British Empire.

If so considerable then without the aid of manufactures, what would it be with their accession? It is not, it cannot be any peculiar indolence of nature; it must be from certain ill-judged restrictions of policy, that these people are not industrious.

The outlets of Cork are chearful and pleasant; the country around the city, and on both sides the river, is hilly, like that round Bath. The rides to Passage and Glanmire are charming, the acclivities being decorated with a variety of handsome seats. The suburb, to the north, is near a measured mile long, and that to the south much the same length. To the west of this suburb is a long row of cabins, called the Devil's-Drop. In this part the poorer sort of the inhabitants dwell; their doors are thronged with children, which, notwithstanding the hard labour of their parents, proves them extremely prolifick, though their food is of the meanest sort.

Cork was twice burnt down by accident in the reign of James I. but arose from the ruins each time, with redoubled splendor.

After having carefully perused every thing we could find relative to this city, we set off to visit its environs. On each side of the river, are several pretty retreats, almost contiguous to each other, too numerous to be particularly mentioned. About two miles south of Cork on the road to Passage, is a neat village called Douglas, where is a noble manufacture for making sail-cloth; and not far from it Maryborough, a handsome house with good plantations. Not far distant is Donnybrook, a pleasant seat, on a rising ground, in view
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of the city. Two miles westward is Rochford's Town, another seat, on a hill; and Chetwynd another pleasant place, with good gardens, canals, &c. About two miles south south-west from Cork, is a celebrated holy well, to which many cures are attributed. Two miles west of Cork is Ballynaspig, or Bishop's Town, where is a neat house and chapel. Near the city are large weirs crossing the river Lea, for taking salmon. We thence set forward for Kingfale, &c. At about five miles distance from Cork is five-miles-bridge on the river Oonbury, being the midway between Cork and Kingfale. Here is a chalybeat spring, impregnated with sulphur, and it has a strong taste of iron at the fountain head. A few years since a shaft of coals was sunk here, but with little success; however, the block slate that was dug up, on examination was found to be full of sulphureous marcasite, and on being burnt produced both sulphur and iron. Here we turned to the east, and visited Carigaline castle, which is situated on the upper end of Cross-haven, on the north side of the river Oonbury, built on a limestone rock. In Elizabeth's time it was reckoned impregnable, but now entirely demolished. The parish church is in good repair, and near it is an handsome house. Near it was Shannon-park or Ballinrea, now entirely gone to ruin. From Shannon-park a rivulet empties itself into a creek, a little to the south of Monks Town. A mile south-west of Carigaline, is Kilowen, a new house and good seat; and somewhat more west formerly stood a castle called Meades-town. A mile west of Cross-haven is Huddersfield, a good seat on a rising ground, and near the house a gazado, which commands a prospect of the harbour of Cork, the ocean, and a vast tract of sea coast. The castle of Ballea is a large ruin, a mile west

of Carigaline, and opposite to Coolemore are the ruins of another castle. About three miles south of Carigaline is Rinabelly, where is a good house. More to the south-west is Barry's Castle, built on a rock hanging over the coast. At Britfield's Town near it, the sea eagle, or ospery, breeds in the cliffs; and on the east side of Oyster-haven is Mount Long, an handsome castle; and not far from it is Bellgooly, another castle. Two miles south of Carigaline stands Tracton-abbey, founded in 1224; the original building is now quite destroyed, and near it is erected a modern good seat. About five miles from Cork, on the south side of the river Oonbury, is a pretty seat called Riggsdale, and on the other side is Ballinahoffack, a small village; and near Kingsale is Ballintober, from whence we proceeded to Kingsale, by the natives called Kintaileach, a large town, south west of Cork. The country on both sides is tolerable, but not to be compared with that which surrounds Cork; neither is the eye so agreeably delighted with such numbers of pleasant prospects or beautiful seats. However, the glebe is well cultivated, even to the summit of the mountains; and the vales look very pleasant; but more especially from the right, the road ascending and descending the greatest part of the way.

The situation of Kingsale is much like the road that leads to it, irregular, almost a half moon round the harbour, or bason, as they call it, one of the finest I ever saw, and the safest; for I am informed, at low water it is deep enough to contain five hundred sail of the largest ships, landlocked, as the sailors term it. The buildings of this town are tolerable enough, I mean those that are kept up, for there are many mouldering away. In the centre of the town, which is mostly on a level, is a handsome market-house, near which

which stands a strong-built prison. Here are the ruins of several monasteries, and religious houses, scattered up and down, that I believe, before the Reformation, must have taken up at least a third part of the town. That part towards the land was formerly covered by a strong wall, if we may guess at its strength by the thickness of its remaining gates.

War, which murders Cork, is the life of King-fale; and I am credibly informed, that leases are made for double the rent in the time of war with France or Spain. The reason is, that most of our inward or outward bound ships have convoys to, and from, this place, where they take in provisions, &c. but at this time there were few ships in the harbour, so that they find little amendment in their trade yet, and I must own I never saw so large a town as this with so small a face of business.

I have already informed you there is not any regularity in their streets; and one of them that leads to the bowling-green, on that part that extends to the right of the basin, is troublesome enough to ascend; but on the top you are agreeably surprized to find a very handsome level, where there is a fine bowling-green, whose border, to the left, is a kitchen-garden, mounted above the tops of the chimnies of the street below. From hence you have a prospect of the town and harbour, and the little island of Scilly, about three acres, as near as I could guess, where none but fishermen dwell: their houses are of a poor structure, without the least fence, yard, garden, or green spot, as I could discover. The ancient inhabitants, as we are informed, came from the island of Scilly, near the land's-end of Cornwall, where multiplying rather too fast, the race for-
look

took their native country, and arrived here, where they have for many ages followed the same employment of fishing. Their boats are indifferently large, and bear the sea very well, for I had the curiosity to go in one of them beyond the mouth of the harbour; but finding the wind high, and the billows boisterous, I chose rather to return than tempt the winds and waves, for the sake of a pleasure, that could not give the least satisfaction, through the danger. When I landed, I had the curiosity to look into one of their houses, and found the furniture worse than I could conceive.

A gentleman that went with us in the vessel, told me, the situation of Kingsale put him in mind of Lisbon in Portugal, as you enter the river Tagus, and I own, at the distance of a mile from it, you would imagine it was thrice larger than you find it. The Custom-house officers are very strict here; for they came on board in order to search us, though we had not left the harbour three hours; but when they saw us in the vessel they retired, and civilly begged pardon. I was informed by my companion, these fishing-vessels are very dexterous in the smuggling trade; therefore the vigilance of the officers of the customs is but necessary.

We viewed the citadel, which is built upon a solid rock, fronting the sea. I have never seen a finer fortification, I mean towards the entrance of the harbour. For its strength towards the land, there is little to say; the ditch is neither wide nor deep, and the ground about it so high, that you may look into the fortification; but the part towards the sea looks formidable to an enemy. There are three tier of cannon, the first next the sea

sea, from thirty to forty-two pound ball. I reckoned an hundred and eight ready for use, with their ammunition piled for every gun in excellent order. We were shewn the cannon of forty-two pound ball, that struck a French ship on the quarter almost a league from the citadel, in the last war, and brought her into the harbour. The gunner was rewarded with a better post for his skill. I observed some pieces with the arms of Spain, finely ornamented, that were taken from the Spanish Armada in 1588, but they are not mounted. This royal fortification is bomb-proof, and, in the opinion of every one, impregnable by sea.

About half a mile nearer the town, upon a point of an isthmus, are the ruins of another strong fort, of a large extent. The block-house, on the verge of the water, is still remaining, though not occupied. It was demolished on the building of the citadel, which was accounted a much better situation. As we landed, we were shewn the ruins of the castle, where the barons of Kingsale used to reside.

I cannot learn when this town of Kingsale was first built, or who was the founder; but I believe it must have flourished in the early ages, from the goodness and security of its harbour and its situation for trade.

In 1649, as Cromwell was preparing to invest this place, the mayor of the town went out to meet him, the keys of which he received, and did not, as usual, return them again; but, to the surprize of most people, he gave them into the hands of Colonel Stubber, the governor. He was informed the mayor was a Roman catholic, therefore

fore judged it not convenient to trust a place of so much importance to one of that religion. It was whispered to Cromwell, that Stubber the governor was not over-strict in any religion. "May be not," replied Cromwell, "but as he is a soldier, he has honour, and therefore we will let his religion alone at this time." This place retained its obedience to the government till the unfortunate reign of king James the Second, who, after his abdication, landed here the 12th of March 1689, with succours from France; he was received by the lord Tyrconnel, and from thence proceeded to Dublin. This town was garrisoned in his favour, and proposed to make a bold defence; but the earl of Marlborough, after Cork submitted to his Majesty king William's arms, on the third of October invested Kingsale, opened the trenches on the fifth, and cannonaded the town. The garrison made a very good defence for nine days, but on the tenth a breach was made; and the earl of Marlborough preparing for a storm, the governor beat a parley, and surrendered. The walls were demolished by order of the king, and the other fortifications intirely destroyed.

From Kingsale we proceeded to Bandon-bridge; in our way thither, two miles from Kingsale, is a small village called Dunderrow, and near it a large Danish entrenchment. Near Dunderrow is Holly-hill, an excellent house with fine gardens. An avenue that leads to the house is above a mile long, well planted. To the north is a neat village. A little farther on the road is Cariganaffick castle in ruins. Not far from it is Poulne-long castle, now a pleasant seat. Near it a good house called Golden-bush, situated on the river, and somewhat farther is Coolemoreen. A little beyond

yond which is Inishannon, six miles from Kingsale on the banks of the Bandon river. It was formerly walled, and a place of some note, as appears by the foundations of several large buildings; and till lately was very poor, but a linen manufactory now established here has greatly improved it. Here is a charter-school erected lately. A little nearer Bandon is the castle of Dundaneere, from whence it is about a mile to Bandon-bridge, and about twelve miles from Kingsale, upon a river that gives name to the town. The place is divided by this river, over which is an handsome bridge. The inhabitants are such staunch protestants, they will not let a papist dwell among them, which proceeds from the ill usage they have formerly received from them. They will not suffer a bag-piper to play in their hearing, or let one of the popish religion, if known, though a traveller, lodge there one night. I was told they had formerly placed at the entrance of the town the following lines:

Jew, Turk or Atheist
May enter here,
But not a Papist.

This town drives a very good trade in cloth, hides, &c. The part next Kingsale is chiefly inhabited by tanners, built upon a gentle descent to the bridge. The other side is pretty much upon a level and most of the houses occupied by clothiers, wool-combers, and weavers. It is remarkable for making very good bread, which they send several miles round them. The river Bandon rises about twelve miles above the town, and is but small till it arrives there; but afterwards it widens the banks on each side, enlarges itself as it runs downwards, and is navigable to

VOL. I.

S

Kingsale,

Kingfale, where it loses itself in the harbour. The country is charming on each side, and yields a very agreeable prospect. We were shewn a chalybeat well, a little out of the town, that is said to have done many extraordinary cures.

In the road from Cork to Bandon, four miles from the former, is a ruined abbey, called Ballyvacadane, founded in 1450, of which part of the walls yet remain; and not far from it stands a large castle, called Ballincolly, built upon a rock, and flanked with towers at each angle. From thence we visited a place called the Ovens, about five miles south-west of Cork. It is a subterraneous cavern, we are told, that extends above two miles under ground. For my part, I was content with walking about two hundred yards from the mouth, whose entrance forms something like a gate; the passage widens in several places, where nature has contrived several spacious chambers.

It is twelve feet high at the entrance, but declines to less than six; in some places it is higher, and in others so low as to oblige the inquisitive to creep in advancing. The passage is on the west side, but at about twenty yards, the cave winds towards the south and south-east. Another way leads due south to a well eighty yards from its entrance. There are many other branches in various directions, crossing each other, mostly so broad that six or eight persons may walk abreast, the whole performing a perfect labyrinth. This grotto is all lined with a natural gypsum, of stalactical matter, and is stronger than any cement human industry ever invented. There is another entrance near the church. A gentleman in our company informed us, he had been

been upwards of a mile further, and in some places found the passage so narrow, that he was obliged to creep through upon his hands and knees. There are several wells in the bowels of this wonderful cavern; one seems to be a chalybeat. We found no damp, as is usual in such places, or any noxious vapours; for our lights burnt as bright as if we were in the room of a house. My conjecture is, that art has here assisted nature in former ages. Why may we not suppose this cavern was partly formed by the ancient inhabitants, to shelter the weaker families from the insults of the riotous Danes, whose conquests in this island, as well as Britain, were attended with all the branches of licentiousness.

From thence we turned to the left, crossed the river Lea, and visited Carigrohan Castle, the western limit of the liberties of Cork. This castle is built on a high precipice over the river, and by its ruins has been much larger than at present, being ruined in 1641. At the entrance of the outward gate, is a remarkable large sycamore-tree, whose branches form a circle of ninety feet in diameter, and the thickness of the body proportionably great. South-east of the castle is a modern church, built upon the ruins of the old one. The river Lea is embellished with a great number of pretty villas, on the banks of which, about a mile westward on the north side, is Iniscarra and Surmount, situated on a rising ground, finely wooded on the east side, and has a good south prospect of a great extent of country. Not far from, and opposite to this, are the remains of Castle-Inchy. Coronody, another seat, is a little more to the west; east of which is Fergus, a good plantation. A mile north of Iniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, a pleasant seat, and near it the village of

Cloghroe. A little more west, is the village of Ballally, a handsome house, with a good park. From thence we turned to the north, and visited Blarney, or Blarney Castle, for such it was about half a century ago, and has been one of the strongest in all Munster. It stands three miles west of Cork, upon a rock, close to a small river of the same name, over which is a handsome bridge, and the other side a lake of thirty acres. This stream falls into the Lea a little below the castle. From this place to Cork the eye is delighted with variety of beautiful prospects of gently rising hills, woods, groves, meadows and corn-fields, with several good seats, which the river Lea, with its winding, kisses as it runs forward, and adds new charms to the whole. The castle of Blarney, whose walls are eighteen feet thick, in the beginning of king William's wars in this kingdom, resisted his forces for some time, and stood a stout formal siege; but a battery from a rising ground, compelled them to give up the castle, after their commander had made his escape. The conquerors demolished the fortifications, leaving nothing remaining but one large tower; but the apartments erected since are very handsome and spacious, and the gardens are well laid out.

It is certain that this part of the kingdom has been more populous, and better cultivated; for in the most wild and uncultivated parts of the county of Cork, you find vestiges of high roads cut through the mountains, and the remains of many inclosures yet visible, shew the decrease of its inhabitants, from what it was in ancient times. Two miles from Blarney is Dawstown, a pretty seat, and not far from it is Ballygibbone, another good seat, as well as Kilowen.

On

On our return to Cork it was determined to re-visit Dublin; having therefore prepared for that purpose, we set out, and on both sides the road from Cork you have agreeable prospects of very handsome seats at a distance, in a fine country. The roads are charming, and the measured miles, with their red figures cut in marble, gave us a satisfaction in our journey, by being in expectation of passing the next mile stone. The first place we took notice of was a pleasant seat, three miles N. from Cork, called Sarsfield-Court. From a terrace in the garden is one of the finest prospects in all this country. A little to the south of this is Riverstown, where the bishop of Cork has a handsome seat, elegant gardens watered by the Glanmire, and a park well stocked with deer. The lands hereabout are well improved, and divided into ploughed and pasture grounds: The verdure is every where different; and here and there are planted, in the most delightful manner, by the hand of nature, tufts of oak, elm, and ash, with myrtle shrubs blooming spontaneously, and conspiring to give variety and elegance to the prospect. A few miles N. from Cork is the village of Glanmire, prettily planted, where is a curious bolting-mill, the first of the kind erected in the kingdom. At Ballyrochino is a slitting-mill, for making rod-iron, and a paper-mill, all worked by the river Glanmire. You come down upon it over a pretty steep hill into a pleasant bottom, and cross a new bridge of five arches over a stream of the same name, that runs with its windings into the Lea below Cork. Near its junction with the Lea, is Dunkettle, now a fine seat, affording a fine prospect of a great part of Cork Harbour, and the river Lea, up to the city; which from Black Rock to the town, (except a narrow channel

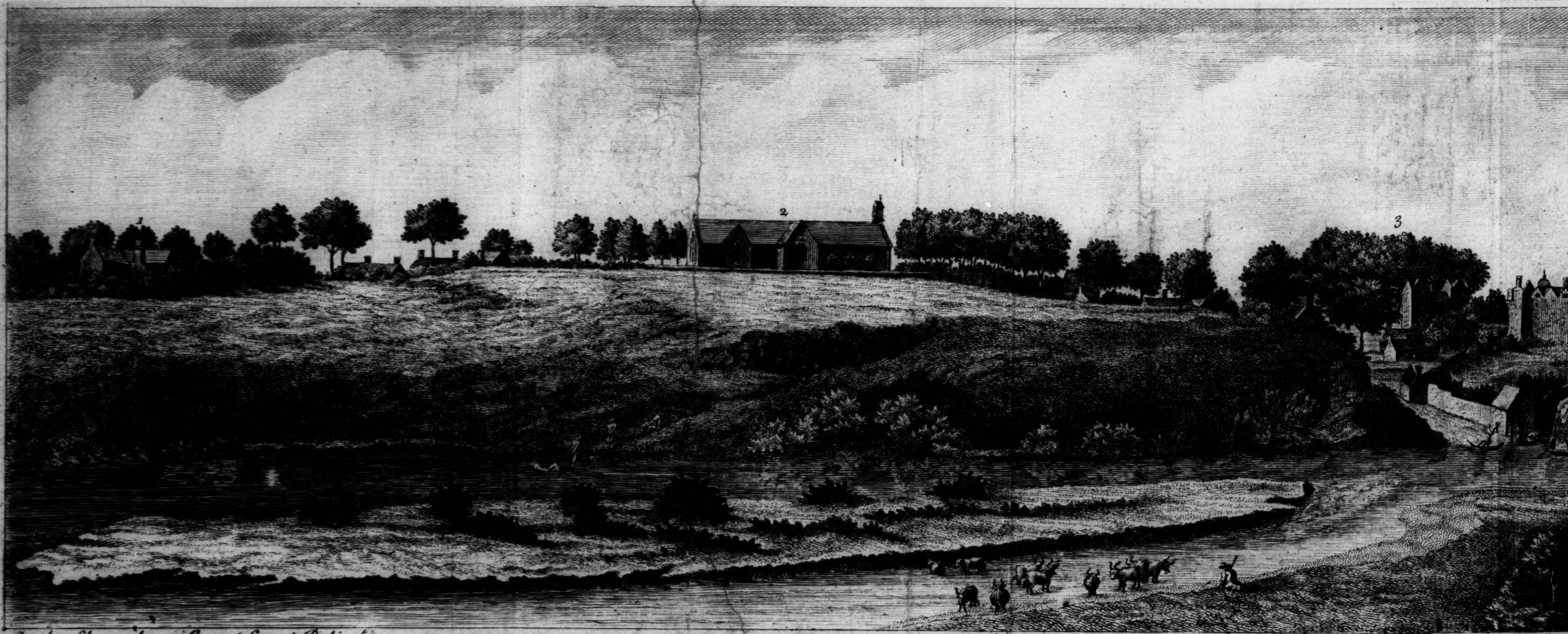
nel formed by the river) is quite dry at low water, with oozy banks on each side, so that upon the ebb, vessels and boats are fast in the mud. The gardens of Dunkettle slope to the water, and it has lately a park inclosed. From hence we made an excursion to a small village called Carigtohill, eight miles east of Cork, seated on an arm of the sea, which at high water flows under a bridge of four arches, and covers a large tract of land, making excellent marsh for feeding cattle. Near this place to the north east, is a large cavity running under a rock for a considerable way in the earth. Not far from hence is Killycloin and Angrove, two extreme pleasant seats. A little way to the south is the ruin of the castle of Barry's-Court, and it is the passage into the Great Island in the harbour of Cork. Near it is the pretty seat of Rosmore. From thence I made an excursion to Middletown, so called from its situation, being the midway between Cork and Youghall, ten miles from each, a borough and market-town, well built, and pleasantly situated; a river running at each end of it, and the tide flowing up to it, being the north east angle of Cork harbour. It consists of one long street, ranging from the north to the south bridges, and near it was Chore-abbey, now in ruins. It has a good market-house and free-school, and the church neat. Near the water side is an ancient building, supposed to have been a leper-house; and near it the village of Ballinachora, where is an high sepulchral mount, being one of the ancient Tumuli. There are two good parks, one on each side Middletown, in that near Cork is a fine seat called Ballyanon, very agreeably situated. In Middletown-park is a small river, that takes a subterraneous course, near which is a large romantic cave; and not far from it is Rockborough,

rough, a pleasant seat, adjacent to which is a reputed holy well. The road winds very much to the hills that surround it, which is made easy now, but before the turnpikes were erected, it was a very difficult ascent and descent; for some part of the old road still remains, which plainly shews us the former height and difficult ascent.

When you have crossed Glanmire bridge, you may see the stream to your left, course along by a beautiful wood, with a foot-path on its margin, that gives the eye no small satisfaction. Through a good road you come two miles further, where you cross another winding brook, and see a pleasant seat, upon a rising ground on the right, occupied by a gentleman, who courteously, as we were viewing it, desired us to alight, and walk into his house. The dwelling is clean and neat, but the garden is very pleasant, large and commodious. After an easy two hours ride, we crossed a bridge not long built, over the Bride, a very good river, with plenty of fish.

We passed through a wood this very day that has taken a new title within these few years, from an affair that happened there, which was formerly known by the name of Glanmire. Half a mile from this Bride's bridge, on the left is Lisnegar, a fine seat, with pleasant gardens, a fine canal, and other improvements. It is the first house in Rathcormuck, twelve miles from Cork, with a pleasant green fronting it. There is a pretty neat modern-built church to the right of the town. The town is but small, with a neat market-house, built a few years since, and some very good modern buildings. It is a borough, and sends two members to parliament. Here we turned to the right, and again entered the
county

county of Waterford, in order to visit Lismore, ten miles distant, through a small town called Castle Lyons, which is well built, enjoys a market, being pleasantly situated and well watered, in a rich fruitful soil, a little way from the river Bride, and has some trade. Here are the remains of an abbey, particularly the choir and nave, as well as the steeple of the church. This town is twelve miles distant from Cork; Lord Barrymore has here a stately house, built on the foundation of an old castle of the O'Lehans. It is a large square building, with a court in the centre. This building is supplied by an aqueduct, contrived by a common Irish miller, at an inconsiderable expence, after a celebrated undertaker from England had failed in the attempt, and had expended a considerable sum. Here are fine gardens, and a good park, through which runs the river Bride; great part of the old buildings are destroyed, when a chimney piece was discovered with this inscription, which is still preserved, *Cullane O Lebane hoc fecit MCHII.* which is a proof that stone buildings were much earlier in Ireland than our modern antiquarians allow them to have been. To the east of Castle Lyons, is the castle of Roberts's Town, a high square tower; and soon after we saw the ruins of the castle of Kilmacow, and not far from Connough castle. Near it is a stone bridge over the river. This castle is a high square tower, built on a steep rock, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Just before we arrived at this castle, we passed through a small place named Knockmourne, the poor remains of a corporation, ruined in Desmond's rebellion, and not far before it Aghern, where was formerly another castle, now a good house, pleasantly seated on the Bride river. Another

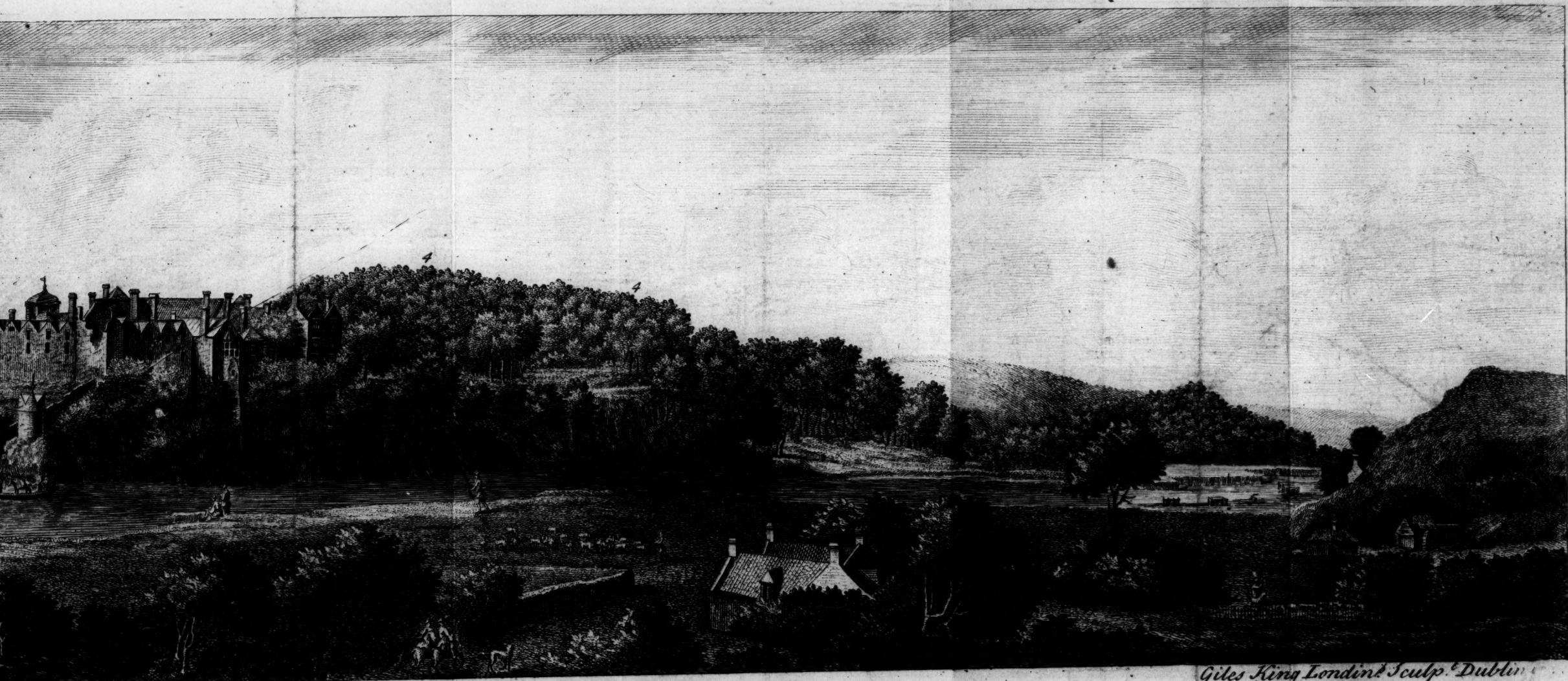


Anthon: Chearnley del. & Burnt Court Delin.

1. the School House
2. the Cathedral.
3. the Avenue.

To the R.^t Hon.^{ble} S.^r Rich.^d Boyle Earl of Cork & Burlington
 North Prospect of his Lordship's Seat of LISMORE is most





and Lord High Treasurer of **IRELAND** this
humbly Dedicated by his Lordship's Devoted Humble Serv^t Ch. Smith.

Giles King Londini Sculp. Dublin

4. a Venerable Grove of Ash Trees
about 44 feet high.
5. the Salmon Weir.

ther village we saw was Curryglafs, pleasantly planted and well watered, where is a good seat now gone to decay. At this place is a fine cedar tree, and the largest holly tree supposed in the kingdom. Two miles from Knockmourne, near the decayed church, are the ruins of a large building, and near it a chalybeat spring. From thence we proceed to Lismore.

Lismore is a bishoprick, now united with Waterford, formerly with Ardmore; it lies on the east side of the bay of Youghall, from whence it is distant about eight miles, but has not the least remains to shew its twenty churches, or that it ever was a place of any note, except its castle and cathedral. Its situation is beautiful, and has lately had a fine bridge built over the ruins. An old author describes it, as “ a famous holy city half of which is an asylum, into which no woman dares enter: it is full of monasteries and holy cells, and a great number of religious men not only dwell here, but come from all parts, more especially from England and Scotland, to study wisdom and the ways to holiness,” but alas! there are no remains of this greatness visible. The cathedral is still pretty well kept in repair, and is large, with a new half-spire. It was originally founded by a very holy man, St. Carthage, who suffered greatly under the persecution of an Irish monarch: The saint, to avoid his fury, retired to this place, with some of his religious, in the year 636: he tied his disciples to a most strict rule of life; they never were allowed the use of flesh, fish or fowl, only the vegetables that the ground produced at the expence of their own labour. Father Daniel in his *Histoire monastique*, mentions one of the same foundation in France.

There are the remains of a large old castle, finely situated near the river. Below the town is a rich fishery for salmon, which is the greatest branch of trade here. Sir Walter Raleigh, that noted scholar and soldier, was granted the manor of Lismore, with its appendages, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, at the yearly rent of 13l. 6s. 8d. sterling; but that estate was lopped off with his head, in the reign of king James I. Not many years after the conquest, Cambrensis informs us, this was a very rich city, and held out some time against the English, who took it at last by storm, and gained rich plunder here, and in the country near it, enough to load sixteen sail of ships; but as I said before, there are few remaining marks of any such grandeur. Lismore was united to the see of Waterford in the year 1363. The public road to Cork, was formerly through this place; and in that time, I am informed it had a better face of business.

About two miles distant on the east, is a town, called Capperquin, that has little more to recommend it than a good bridge over the river Black-water, a fine old castle, that is kept in good repair, with a handsome barrack, and a church, I believe as old as the castle; but the country every where is charming.

Having satisfied our curiosity, as far as this little town could afford us subjects, we returned to visit Water-park, on the south side of the Black-water, formerly a fine seat, whose pleasant park is now demolished, but yet there remain good orchards and other improvements; from thence we again returned to Castle Lyons, where we turned short to the right, passed a small stream, and arrived at the little town of Fermoy, three miles

miles only from Rathcormuck. I own I had formed to myself an idea of this place, that went far beyond what I found it. The church is but a mean Gothic building, and had been before the reformation an Augustine monastery. The town has nothing to recommend it more than a good bridge of thirteen arches, over the Black-water, which cost 7500*l.* and near it a mineral spring. It is, however, most agreeably situated, and I was delighted at seeing a tolerable large nursery of trees, a sight in this part of the country as novel as possible; for except at Rathcormuck, near which is a pleasant residence, the whole country is almost treeless. The sorry inclosures being planted with furze, or goss, and the inclosed grounds very much over-run with them, adds darkness to this gloomy region; yet the land is rich enough, and, with proper cultivation, would produce excellent crops.

A little to the west of Fermoy, is Castle-Hyde, a good old house, with large improvements, well planted, with a large deer-park. Near it stands the parish church. From hence I made excursions

To the east of Fermoy, on the south side of the Black-water, is the castle of Carickabrick, and on the opposite side another castle called Lidlath. A little further down the river Black-water, between the junction of the rivers Funcheon and Araglin, on a pleasant spot, is the castle of Ballyderoon. On the opposite side of the Black-water, but more easterly is the castle of Bally Mac Patrick, now called Carey's Ville, a pleasant seat situated on a rising ground, with a terrace commanding an extensive prospect. Here is a pretty park, good orchards, gardens, and other plantations. On the opposite side of the Black-water is Greenfield, a good house, with

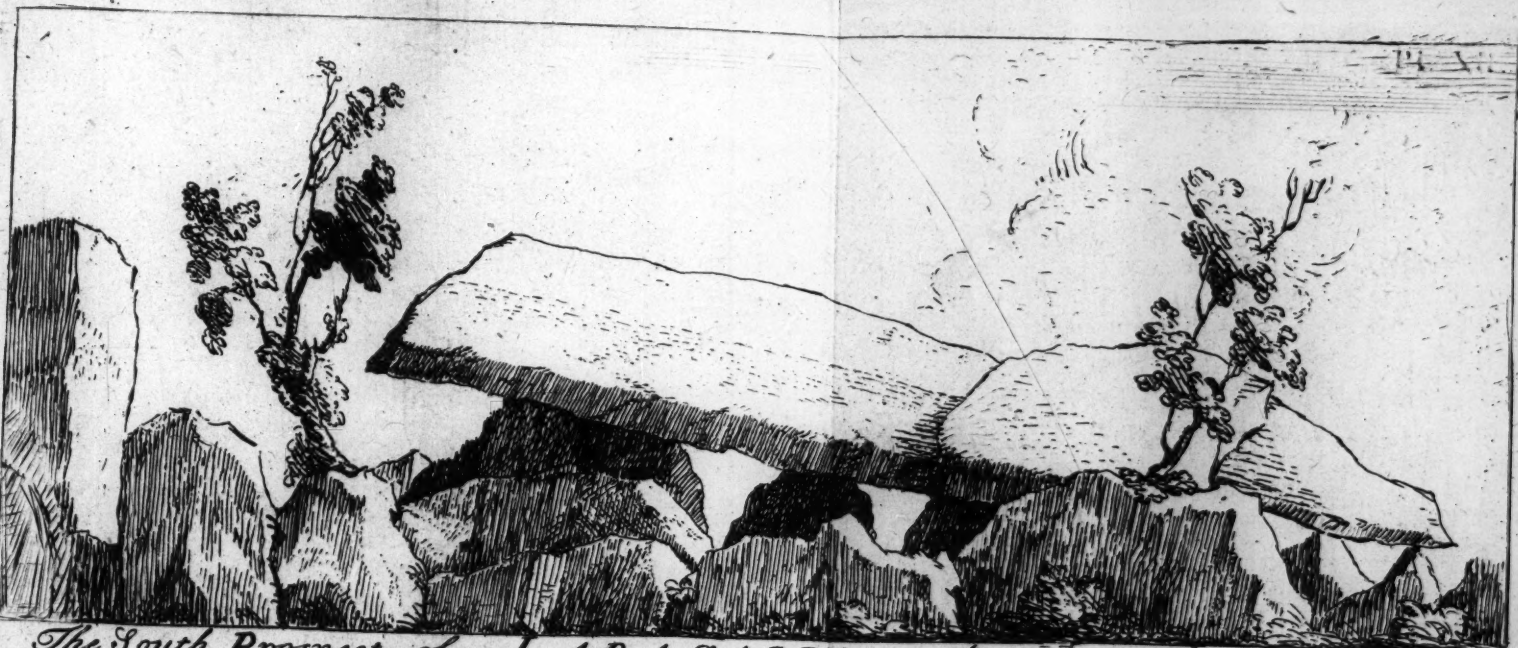
orchards, &c. To the west of this seat the river Araglin falls into the river Black-water, not far from which is Araglin-house, pleasantly situated. Near this place considerable iron works were carried on till the scarcity of fuel put a stop to it. From thence passing on northwards we saw Macloney, a good house with improvements, pleasantly seated on the eastern bank of the river Araglin, and not above two miles north from Fermoy. This is a thriving place, with a decent church, situated at the foot of a large ridge of mountains which take their name from the town. Over them is a good turnpike road carried on from Dublin to Cork. Below the town runs the river Funcheon, which about one mile south empties itself into the Black-water. On the east side of the river is a deer park, and in it a beautiful summer house, and near it an elegant seat. Near Kilworth is a good glebe, and vicarage house. On the river stands the strong castle of Clogleagh, from whence is a subterraneous passage to the river.

From hence we visited Glanworth, formerly a corporation, but now only a small decayed village, where are the ruins of an abbey founded in 1227, of which the nave of the church and a low steeple yet remain. Near this abbey, on the verge of the river Funcheon, on which it is situated, is a fine spring, held in great esteem as an holy well. Here also are the magnificent ruins of a sumptuous castle, which consisted of several buildings, and a large high tower, all strongly erected on arched vaults, and built of very massy stones. The whole of this edifice is environed with a strong wall flanked with turrets. Near it is a stone bridge over the Funcheon river. From Glanworth it is about three miles to Kilworth, and

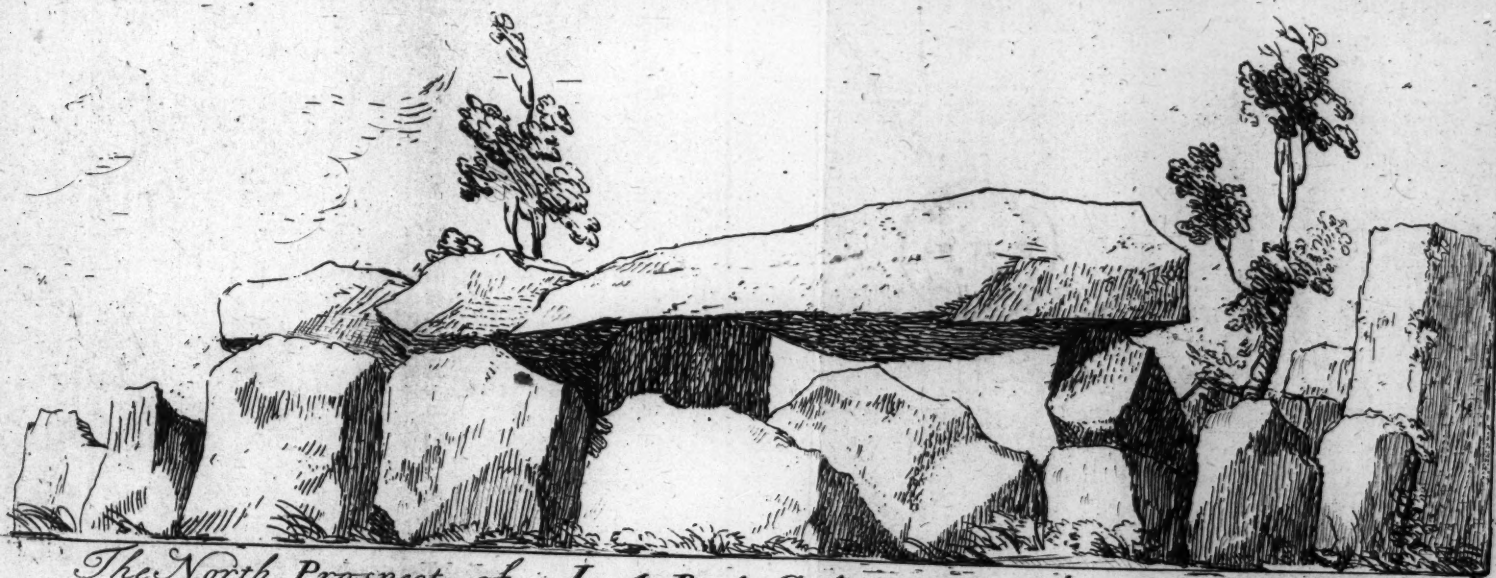


The





The South Prospect of LABACALLY or the Hag's Bed



The North Prospect of LABACALLY or the Hag's Bed

and near about the midway between these places is an antique sepulchral monument, called Labacally, or Hag's-bed. This monument, by its size, seems to be designed for some celebrated person of antiquity; but for whom, or when erected, the least traces are not to be found, either in history or from tradition. It consists of several broad flag-stones, supported by others, which are pitched in the ground. One of these stones is of an enormous size, being not less than seventeen feet long, and nine feet broad, and in the middle three feet thick, from whence it slopes away to the edges, like the roof of an house. But, as if this prodigious stone was not a sufficient cover to the tomb, there are two others; one eleven feet by seven feet, and the other seven feet square. There was a fourth huge flag, which lies at the west end, and covered that part. On each side are several broad flags, pitched in the ground in two ranges, on which the upper stones rest, as a tomb-stone on the side walls. Some of those pillar-stones are six feet high and four broad. The whole of this vast tomb, it being hollow underneath, is forty feet on the outside, and fourteen broad. The whole was inclosed within a circle of flag stones, pitched in the ground at about fourteen feet from the centre of the tomb. The bringing and erecting of these stones hither, must have been a work of immense labour, as there are none of the kind nearer than the mountains five or six miles distant. It is placed east and west, and conjectured to have been erected since the ages of christianity.

We returned to Kilworth, and travelled over Kilworth-mountain, a place, not above seventy years ago, a more dreary waste, as it was described to me, than could be found in the deserts of Arabia; but now you might perceive all round
black

black cattle feeding, and every half mile little plantations and farm-houses, that made it far more pleasant than Bagshot-heath in England, or many more of the same kind. At the further end of this mountain we parted with the last stone that gave us notice of the measured miles we had passed, which, I own, grieved me a little, when we again entered the county of Tipperary. Not long after leaving this mountain, we came to a small town called Ballyporeen, where is a handsome seat of lord King's, with a fine wood, at least the best I have seen in the country hitherto.

The next thing that excited our attention was a monument erected to the memory of an eminent lawyer named Callaghan, near a pretty church, about two hundred yards out of the common road, within half a mile of the neat town of Clogheen, which, tho' small, is well built, and has a good market-place. Going out of the town we passed over a little neat bridge, over a stream called Aven-tar, or Tar-water. In our journey on, we passed an old castle at some distance, called The Castle of the White Knight, a person of great power and dominion some ages ago. We were told many romantic stories about him, and among the rest, that every man his lady cast a gracious look upon he put to death.

We met with nothing worth observation till we came to a place called Ardfinnan, where the large ruins of an old castle, built on a rock, overlooks the river Suire. This castle was built by king John, when he was earl of Moreton and lord of Ireland, son to king Henry II. in the year 1186. Over the river Suire is a bridge of fourteen arches; and on that side next the castle is a mill on the river. When we passed the bridge,
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we were shewn a pleasant rising hill we had left behind, where Oliver placed his cannon to batter the castle. We saw the breach, and at the same time were told the following story: When this place was besieged by Oliver, a butcher was within the walls, who, while the siege lasted, could never be prevailed upon to come out of the room where he had placed himself; but when the breach was made, and the soldiers began to storm, he took a handspike, defended it almost alone for some time, and knocked down several soldiers that strove to enter; at last, finding no seconds, he retired without the least hurt. When the castle was surrendered, he was asked, why he would not come to the walls before the breach was made? He replied, "Damn them! I did not mind what was done on the outside, but I could not bear their coming into the house," as he called it.

There is a high ascent all round this castle, or rather I should have said on every side, for it is a direct square. The gate is still standing, and most part of the walls, but the inside shews you a desert; only some part of the roof of one of the rooms remain, I mean the timber of it, and the back of the stone-work. This was certainly of some note before king John rebuilt it; for we find that Cormac, a warlike king of Ireland, left at his death, (about the ninth century) an ounce of gold, and the same of silver, his horse, arms, and furniture, to this place. There is a good inn, to appearance, over against the castle; but its vicinity to Clonmell hurts it much. The river Suire parts the county of Tipperary from that of Waterford, and we have left the county of Cork behind us several miles. This river is accounted the first river of the province of Munster; the
next

next is the Broad-water. The Suire takes its rise almost in the extreme parts of the county of Tipperary, and after an irregular course of near eighty miles, falls into the bay of Waterford. Hitherto I have never seen a country better watered, and every river is well provided with fish; but they have not much variety; I can hear of no other but salmon, trout, pike, roach and eels.

We now proceeded to Clonmell, the head town of the county of Tipperary, remarkable for having been the birth place of the Reverend Mr. Sterne, Author of *Tristram Shandy*. They call it five miles from Ardfinnan to this place, but I think it much further. The first part of our way here was but indifferent, I mean for eminent seats, though the country was pleasant and rich; yet when you come about half way, and meet the river Suire again to the right, you cannot conceive a more beautiful prospect on both sides its stream, that runs between hills for the most part to the town. Beneath these pleasant hills, on each side, you see delightful meadows, with beautiful houses and plantations, mixed with more eminent structures, both ancient and modern. The paddocks, meadows, and even the common fields, are inclosed with high white stone walls, some more than two miles in the square, which, diversified with the different greens, contribute to the beauty of the prospect. I was informed the whole course of the river Suire, for many miles on its banks on each side, produced the same agreeable situations.

To your left, you see a fine corn country, now and then diversified with a dreary bog, but as profitable to the inhabitants as if it were meadow

dow or pasture; for since the great woods are destroyed in this island, which were once so plenty here that it bore the name of *Inis pa bhfodhbhbuidhe*, or the woody, the inland people more especially make use of turf, cut out of these bogs, which makes a sweet wholesome firing.

Clonmell is very ancient, being built before the invasion of the Danes. It consists of four cross streets, formerly fortified strongly with a square wall. The streets lead to each of the gates. The market-house, the only uniform building I saw in the whole town, is indeed very neatly built, mostly of marble, in the best taste; but lessens the passage of the main street. There is a very spacious bridge over the Suire, just out of the gate, to the right, of twenty arches. The town does not seem to have any great prospect of trade, but from the neighbouring gentlemen's seats.

Oliver found more resistance from this town, than any other of his conquests in this kingdom. When Oliver had gained the victory, he took his usual method of demolishing the castles and other fortifications, but the skeletons still remain. The chief church of the Gothick kind is still kept in repair; which before the reformation was part of a Benedictine monastery. There are the remains of two more, but in ruins. The portcullises of some of the gates are remaining, though useless. The barracks are in good order, and capable of containing a greater number of soldiers than are stationed there.

From Clonmell we passed through a fine country, for about six miles to the town of Feathard, where are annual races. The race ground is round a hill, where we had an opportunity from

that height to see the whole course without the least interruption. This hill yields a noble prospect round, where the view of many gentlemen's seats and plantations delights the eye. The town of Feathard has still the remains of its castles, walls and gates, as Cromwell left it. It is an ancient ruinous town, where is an old Gothic church, and the remains of an Augustine convent, founded in 1306; besides which there is a spacious, but declining structure, formerly the seat of the noble family of Everards, which retains an air of grandeur in its antiquity. From Feathard it is but six miles to Cashel, which we avoided, kept more to the right hand, and proceeded to Killenaule, a small town, situated in the midway between Callen and Cashel. Nothing can be more charming than the country around; but it bears, upon the very face of it, an evident and sufficient cause for the insurgency of the white-boys, if insurgency it may be called where every house-keeper disclaims all connection with the wretches concerned. The spot is remarkable for those coals generally called Kilkenny coals. We proceeded from hence, with the bog of Monely on our left hand, to Longford Pass, a small place on the verge of the same bog, and on the border of this county and that of Kilkenny, in the province of Munster, through which we passed about six miles, when we entered the Queen's County, and soon after arrived at Castle Durrow, on the river Newre. From thence it is about two miles more to the town of Ballynakill, which sends two members to parliament, where I found nothing worthy of notice but the ruins of a castle destroyed by Oliver Cromwell in 1642, when it bravely resisted his forces. We proceeded from hence through Ballyroan, five miles distant to Maryborough, the county

county town, so called in honour of queen Mary, where are barracks for a troop of horse. Here we turned to the right hand, and at eleven miles distance passed the Barrow, and entered the county of Kildare and the little village of Monastereven, to the right of which about four miles is the town of Kildare. Here we crossed the bog of Allen, one of the most extensive in the kingdom, and proceeding to Whitchurch and Newcastle, two small places near the grand canal which goes from Dublin to the river Shannon, which canal continued close on our left hand till we arrived at the suburbs of Dublin.

Having now compleated my second journey thro' the south counties of Ireland, and ruminated upon what I have seen, I cannot conclude without giving a particular account of the bogs, with which these parts abound, and of which the reader cannot receive a better idea from any writer, than what is given by *Bushe's Hibernia Curiosa*, in the following words:

“ Though the bogs have generally been classed among the natural disadvantages of this kingdom, I shall, notwithstanding, take them into the number of its natural curiosities, at least they will appear such to an English traveller, both as to their origin and produce. But prepare yourself to travel as lightly as possible, throw off every unnecessary weight, for the surface you have now to tread on is very infirm and dangerous; and should you once break through, you have but little chance for stopping, in your descent, 'till you reach the antedeluvian world, for that will probably be the first firm footing that your feet will find; such, however, seems to be the most generally prevailing opinion here concerning these

bogs—that the timber and trees of every kind, which are frequently found at the bottom of them at very different depths, were originally thrown down by the universal deluge in the life of Noah. There may be truth in this opinion, but it is certain, at best, that it is altogether conjectural, though not altogether improbable.—I just now recollect a particular circumstance in a similar view of this kind in England. When the new harbour at Rye, in Suffex, was first opened, at the bottom, they came upon a layer of timber of various kinds, at the depth of fifteen or near twenty feet under the strand; on turning over one of the bodies of these trees, there was found the skeleton of a man compleat, and of a gigantic size, in a position as if he had been attempting to climb the tree, and it had fallen on him. The conjectures were various upon the phænomenon; but it was the more prevailing opinion of the many gentlemen who were present; that he was one of those ill-fated inhabitants of the antediluvian world who was endeavouring to save himself from the approaching deluge, by climbing the tree.—Whatever truth there may be in the conjecture with respect to the original of this fallen timber, of which there are many instances in both kingdoms, the bogs above it, in Ireland, produce a sweet and very wholesome kind of firing in great plenty. In this respect nature seems to have been favourable to the inhabitants, in raising a very useful kind of firing even upon the ruins of the original fuel, in some of them to a very considerable depth, from five to fifteen or twenty feet. By the natives it is called turf, which constitutes the entire substance of these bogs, and from thence they are usually called turf bogs. That of the bog of Allen, which extends almost across the province of Leinster, from east
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to west, is universally esteemed the best in the kingdom for burning. It is dug out with instruments called flanes, made on purpose for that use, in little spits, in shape and size not much unlike our common bricks; and, when thoroughly dried for burning, appears to be a very mass of roots, so fine and matted together, that, in its natural and moist situation in the bog, it cuts close and smooth like drained mud. The closest and most combined in its natural state in the bog is the best and most lasting firing when dried, as the turf of this kind has the least mixture of earth, and consequently is of the most lignous composition.

The account that is generally given by the natives for the production of this vegetative kind of soil is erroneous, I believe, viz. that it is a mass of stuff that has grown from the fallen wood that originally grew here, thrown down by Noah's flood, or the Lord knows when; and by others, that they are derived from some peculiar boggy property of the waters that lodge amongst them.

That some of these boggy flats were once covered with woods, is highly probable, from the vast quantities of timber and roots of all kinds and sizes, particularly of fir, oak, and yew, that are found at the bottom of many of them, where the turf is taken away. But this is not universal; on the contrary, the most extensive bogs have the least of this timber at the bottom. It is universally observable, that the surface of these bogs is covered with a short, thick, and matted kind of heath, which undoubtedly, as it grows and thickens at the top, vegetates at the bottom into a close and extremely radious texture; and which, from its low situation, in general,

neral, being replete with moisture, naturally throws out successive growths of this exceeding ramified heath, a great part of which dies and shatters upon every return of the winter, and moulders at the bottom, where it closes and forms another strata of mouldered heath, from which, in the spring, a new and successive shoot of heath is produced; and thus as these strata of mouldered heath are annually repeated, the inferior and internal vegetation of the roots increases and becomes extended higher, and at the bottom more consolidated; and this account seems confirmed by the appearance of the turf on the sides of the channel, where it has been dug, which is ever found of a closer and firmer texture, as they descend to the bottom of the bog.

I am the more confirmed in this theory of their derivation, from a circumstance universally observable, that the channels which are cut through these bogs, either for getting turf, or for draining them, will, in a few years, fill up again, and by a vegetative process, like what I have described above, form their original production. The turf itself, as is very apparent from a close inspection, is nothing but a closely concreted and extremely fibrous combination of the roots of this heath, which universally grows on the surface of these bogs: and are far from being the produce of the fallen woods, which are frequently, indeed, but not always found at the bottom. I do not at all suppose that even the very first and original growth of this heath, at the bottom of the present bog, in any sense sprang from the fallen wood, its neighbouring substratum.

Wherever these woods were thrown down, by
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an inundation, which probably was the case, or otherwise, there was undoubtedly some quantity of earth washed down upon them from the adjacent hills, and declivities, the uncultivated surface of which, every where produces this kind of heath. This first covering of earth would naturally throw out the same kind of vegetable in the bottom, as in its former situation on the hills, and having by this descent into the flats, obtained a richer foundation, and being supplied with constant moisture, which before it often wanted, and, no doubt, greatly fertilized by the very trees and their mouldering leaves, and smaller branches, intermixed with this adventitious covering of earth, it would naturally throw out an extraordinary and more plentiful growth of this heath, and very probably a thicker, and, of course, a finer mat of it than any of the successive and superior growths would run into, and this the generally closer and finer texture of the turf at the bottom seems to confirm; not to mention that the very roots, from the constant moisture of their situation, and their fibrous texture, must be continually vegetating and thickening into a closer mass under the surface.

The same causes, in general, take place for producing these turf bogs even upon the tops, and on some of the very declivities of the hills, where they are frequently found: But it is ever in very moist, land-springy grounds, or in flats on the hills where the water settles, and supplies them with moisture. There seems, indeed, to be, in some degree, a kind of spongy quality in this heath, which prevents the moisture from sinking away from it, by an attraction of the fluids from the infinite number of capillary fibres, which are of the very component substance of this

this vegetative mass.—In this sense, and only in this sense, it is that the waters can be said to produce them, and not from any boggy quality in the water itself, as is pretended by some writers on this subject.

I can see no reason in the world for supposing any other natural tendency in them to produce these bogs of turf, or any other connection whatever with effect, but the natural and universal property of fluids to encourage and support vegetation of every kind.

'Tis observable, that very little, if any timber is ever found at the bottom of these hills, or mountainous bogs; for they are frequently found in moist flats, on the tops of their very mountains; yet the turf is of the same kind, and only differs in goodness for fuel, from the different degrees of moisture with which it is supplied in different situations, the best turf being ever found where it has the most constant supply of moisture. In the larger and more extensive bogs, as in the bog of Allen, which extends almost across the province of Leinster, there is very little timber found at the bottom, unless it be on the out-sides, under the neighbouring hills.

It is very evident, therefore, that the timber, frequently found at the bottom of bogs in narrow valleys, much surrounded with hills and eminencies, is by no means the original of the superincumbent bog, or turf, though from the causes above-mentioned, it might help at first to fertilize the soil, and produce a more luxuriant growth of the heath; the capillary, fibrous roots of which, seem to constitute the very body and substance

substance of the turf. From the preceding observations, I presume, it will be very natural and rational to conclude, that the turf, from top to bottom, is entirely the produce of vegetation from itself, in the manner, and by the vegetative process above described. And the reason why this kingdom, in particular, should exhibit such an extraordinary quantity of these turf bogs, is very evidently this, that the soil, by nature is replete with the seeds of this bog heath, and, indeed, it is found almost all over the kingdom, high and low, where the lands are in their rude, uncultivated state, and it seems by nature, a vegetable inclined to flourish and increase where it has a constant supply of moisture, and its roots being extremely thick and fibrous, naturally attract and retain the moisture that by whatever causes gets among them.

'Tis well known that the bogs in many places have risen several feet within the memory of man, and the filling or rather growing up again of the channels cut to drain the water from some of them, is a proof that the whole is nothing but a vegetative produce of the heath, which, by a constant succession, or repletion of moisture, grows luxuriously, thickens into a mat above ground; shatters a very great part of it every winter, and a returning spring throws out a fresh crop from the mouldered substratum of last year's growth, and by such an annually repeated process, together with the very considerable, likewise internal vegetation, and thickening of the fine roots amongst one another, the surface must necessarily become more and more elevated.

From the whole, it appears very evident, that notwithstanding all the pretences and fanciful

conjectures of the natives, of its derivation from the trees at the bottom, or from some boggy property in the waters, that the turf bogs which are found in such uncommon quantity in this kingdom, are nothing but the natural produce of the heath, with which the uncultivated parts of Ireland almost universally abound, by being constantly replete with moisture, shattering and springing up again successively for many years from its mouldered ruins. And a turf bog of the same kind, I make no doubt, might be produced in any moist flat in England, by sowing the seeds of this species of bog heath.

The air of these bogs, which, by some writers, has been represented as extremely unwholesome and unhealthy, I do not think by any means so bad, as what is found in many of our marshlands. I have been riding over the bog of Allen, the most extensive of any in the kingdom, for many miles in the west of Leinster, at nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and in a perfect calm, and though the air was cool and moist, yet I perceived no unwholesome or offensive vapours, nothing but the natural smell of the turf, in which there is nothing very disagreeable, nor by any means equally noxious with the stinking exhalations from many of our moorish or marshy grounds.

This is the best account I can give you of these turf bogs of Ireland, and of their original derivation. I do not remember to have seen any of the same kind in any part of England, though they are found in great plenty, and really engross no inconsiderable share of the surface of this kingdom; and naturally engage the notice of a stranger to them, from the peculiarity of their internal

internal texture, and the excellent firing they produce.

There is, indeed, a kind of spongy earth in some few counties in England, that has, by some, been compared to them, but it is far from being of an equally radicious or lignous composition with the turf of Ireland, nor consequently by any means so good firing. Indeed, in England, there is none of this particular species of heath that produces it in Ireland, so far as my observation has extended. Though Ireland does in some places superabound with peat, yet I am told that about half the kingdom is destitute of it; so that however disagreeable the bogs of Ireland may appear, they are the prime sources of its wealth, for without them the linen manufacture could not so much as exist.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

internal texture, and the excellent living layer
product.

There is, indeed, a kind of rocky earth in
some few countries in England, but not in some
been compared to them, but in the latter being of
an equally rich and of a more consistent with
the soil of Ireland, not being, however, any
more in great quantity, and in England there
is none of this particular species of rock, that
produces a red soil, to be seen in any
this country. Through Ireland, however, in some
places, particularly in the west, I saw a kind of
about half the kind of soil of it, to that
found in England, and in Ireland, it is
supposed, and are in the west of Ireland
for instance, that the soil is of a red color
and is very fertile.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME